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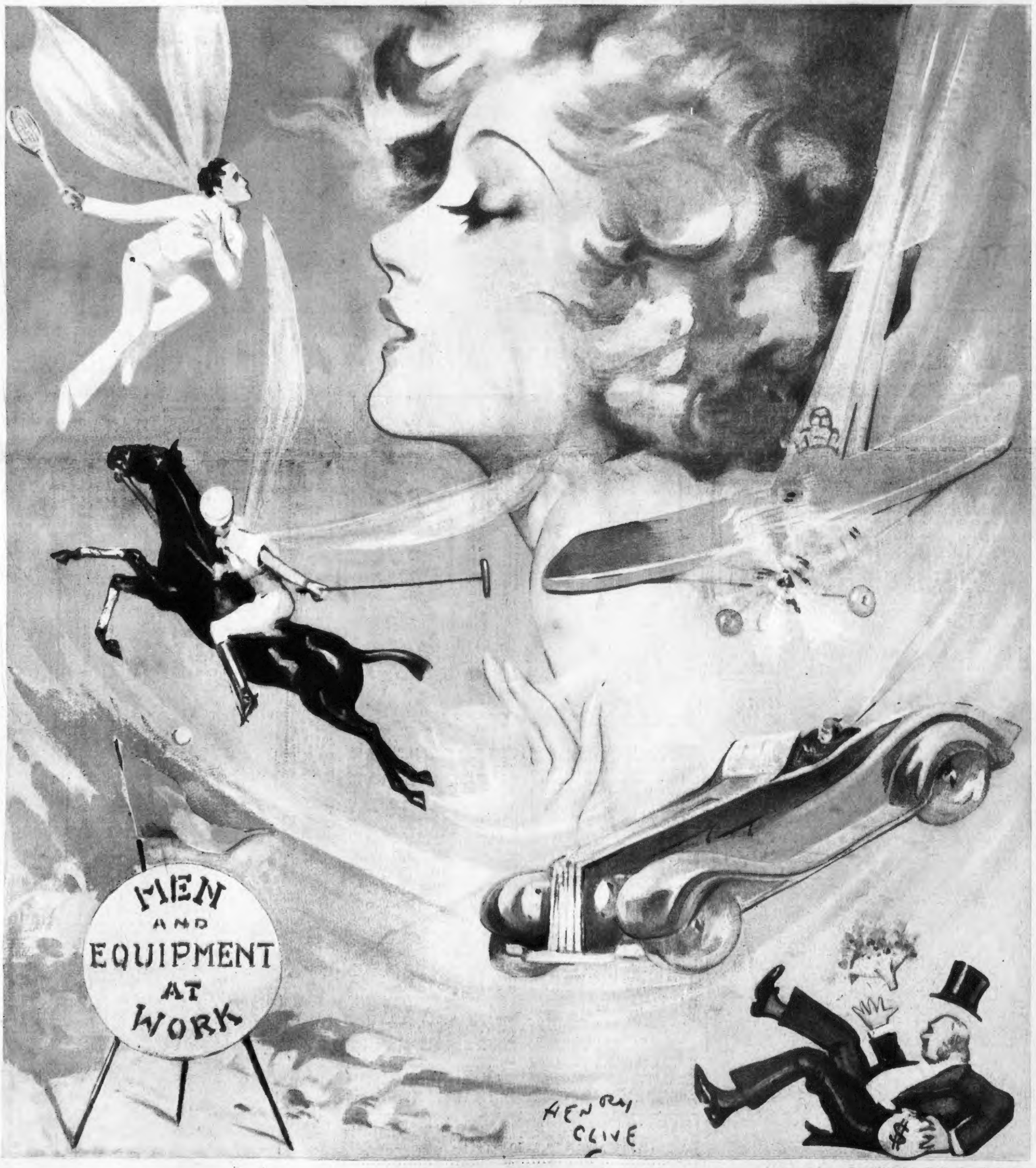
Sunday, Oct. 7, 1934

"Signs of the Times"—

A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive


MEN AND EQUIPMENT AT WORK
HENRY CLIVE

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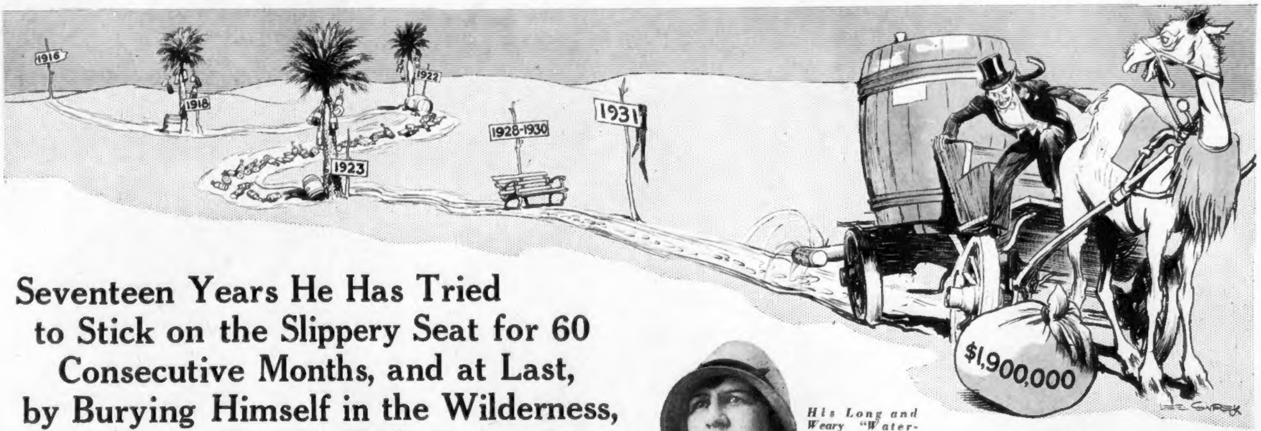
Copies of This Colorful Picture on Heavy, Glossy Paper—Suitable for Framing—Are Available. See Details on Next Page

End of Mr. Kerens' $1,900,000 "Water-Wagon" Ride



His Long and Weary "Water-Wagon" Route from 1916 Was Marked by Many Accidents, But at Last the Persistent Mr. Kerens Seems to Be in Reach of the Fortune So Often Whisked Away from Him.

Seventeen Years He Has Tried to Stick on the Slippery Seat for 60 Consecutive Months, and at Last, by Burying Himself in the Wilderness, He Is in Reach of His Reward, but Has Lost His Wife by Succeeding

The Luxurious Home of Mr. Harold L. Cassell, Which He Gave Up to His Wife With All the Rest of His Worldly Goods to Marry Mrs. Kerens.

STRAUSS Photo.

The Former Mrs. Vincent Kerens, Who Wouldn't Share Mr. Kerens' Hermit Life, Divorced Him, and Married Again the Same Day—But This Will Not Be Held Against Mr. Kerens' Record, He Thinks.

The Peaceful Solitude of Eagle River, Wis., Where Mr. Kerens Managed to Stay Both Dry and Good.

Mr. Kerens and His Two Adopted Children, Little Mary and Jack, Whose Circumstances Will Be Considerably Changed If He Gets His Inheritance.

Mrs. Gladys Colkit, of Philadelphia, One of Mr. Kerens' Two Sisters, Who Have Watched Him So Carefully.

"VIRTUE is its own reward," says the copybook. But in the case of Vincent Kerens of Chicago, St. Louis and later the Wisconsin woods, there was an additional bonus of $1,900,000, left him by his father's will provided that he stay in that blameless condition for five consecutive years.

For over seventeen painful years he has fought vainly against the world, the flesh and the demon rum to say nothing of courts, detectives, the "hosts of the righteous" and his two sisters.

But in a few days he will file with the St. Louis courts what he is certain will be his last and victorious suit to prove that now, at the age of 56, he has been a good boy long enough to deserve that $1,900,000 plum.

"The seas have calmed," he says in explanation of his confidence. This means that the opposition has weakened. Prohibition, which during most of that time dominated the country, has been repealed but more important is said to be the fact that his two unbending sisters now live in Europe, where it is hard to be their brother's keeper so efficiently as heretofore.

His sisters, Mrs. Gladys Colkit and Mrs. Madeline Kenna, each received the $1,900,000, because they were always good and are really under no obligation to act as monitors of their brother's behavior. However, they feel it their duty to their father's memory, it is said, and so have kept a steady eye on that weary figure striving to stay on the water wagon for five years at a stretch.

In the past, as sure as Vincent said "whoa" to the camel and stepped down a moment to dally with a bottle of beer, a woman or other form of iniquity, up rose a rebuking face and a voice said:

"Aha!! Five more years for you."

Three years ago, after his last defeat in court, Kerens, then fifty-three years old, got good and mad. He determined to fool all his enemies and experience had taught him how to do it. In a large city like Chicago, there are too many temptations, and one never can tell who may be a detective or other snooper. Out in the woods near Eagle River, Wisconsin, it is different. Living in the seclusion of a little lonesome cabin, temptations are scarce. During the Winter a prowling detective would leave footprints in the deep snow and be lucky if he didn't freeze to death.

During Summer spying is less uncomfortable but not very easy. Vincent's neighbors are all in sympathy with his long battle.

Vincent brought this bone-dry clause down on himself by drinking more than was healthful or seemly, and was still doing it when his father, the late Richard C. Kerens, railroad builder and at one time U. S. Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, died. At that time the son was thirty-nine years old and his father thought it would take half a decade of rectitude to get the habit.

First, Vincent tried to have the condition set aside on the ground that it was a hardship and unjust unless a similar term of good behavior was imposed on his sisters. Those ladies thought it a perfectly good will and the court could not see that it would hurt a man seriously to tread the straight and narrow path that long, especially since meanwhile he would receive $1,000 a month good, bad or indifferent.

So there was no escape for Kerens but to try to be good, which he says is harder than making good, and he found his worst fears realized.

"That five-year sentence is cruelly unjust," he complains. "If you get life imprisonment for a real crime like murder, they usually let you out in about 15 years, for good behavior. If you get five years you usually are free in about three, as long as you haven't made extra work for the warden. But if I slip ever so little on the 365th day of the fifth year, I don't get so much as one day's credit for all the preceding good behavior. I have to serve it all over again.

"I understand that a church worker peeped in the window and tipped the snoopers off that I was enjoying a bottle of beer. Probably she did not realize what it meant to me. If you belong to a church you can fall from grace and roll into the gutter, day after day, all your life but as long as you repent and confess, you get a fresh start, freed of your sins, like a man who gets rid of his debts by going through bankruptcy. For me there was no forgiveness except in the dictionary."

Four times Kerens has come to court confident that if he had behaved much better, he could not have lived to tell the tale, that is, if there is any truth in the theory that the good die young. Each time he was bowled over by a mass of "beer-and-bad-behavior" evidence accumulated by his ever-vigilant sisters. Vincent found the legal cards stacked against him.

Kerens used to believe in the old superstition that picking up a pin brings luck. He does not think so any longer because one evening when he tried to pick one up on an icy Chicago sidewalk, he had slipped. Snoopers who were following, recorded the incident as evidence that he had fallen off the water wagon.

Gradually Vincent learned that while others were at liberty to lean against a lamp-post, he was not. Also it was not safe to walk after a fresh snowfall during a high wind, because in such situation one's footsteps do not always follow a straight line. He trained himself not to laugh or raise his voice in public, restrained his once jovial countenance, too.

Three times in less than fourteen years he came to bat and the judge, as umpire, called four balls on him. But instead of taking his base, he was "out" because these were high balls. Still, from these first three knock-outs he learned to sidestep the "demon" so skilfully that on his fourth appearance he would have staked his life that there was not a crumb of alcoholic evidence against him.

Sure enough, this time his sisters had no booze testimony against him but, alas, in running from people with red noses, he had forgotten that there were other moral requirements. For instance, during that five-year interval his wife had divorced him. The sisters argued that this was prima facie evidence that he must have been a bad husband and a bad husband must be a bad man. Kerens, in reply, put the woman who had divorced him right on the witness stand and invited her to tell the worst about him.

What a chance! Strong men in the courtroom turned pale, waiting for the expected blast but the ex-Mrs. Kerens assured everyone that his behavior had been beyond criticism. The only flaw in this otherwise perfect husband was that they were not compatible. The sisters insisted that this was contrary to Nature and too good to be true. But Judge Faris decided against them and ordered the St. Louis Union Trust Co. to give Vincent his patrimony. The sisters appealed and won a reversal from the Appellate Court.

Vincent said that they won on a technicality, which is an unusual name to call a lady. Mrs. Mae Linn had been mentioned in connection with the wife's divorce and the higher court seems to have been impressed by various affidavits alleging that:

"About April 16, 1920, defendant was arrested in a downtown hotel of Los Angeles and a Mrs. Mae Linn was arrested at the same time. They were in adjoining hotel rooms and the charge was that Kerens had brought Mrs. Linn from El Paso for immoral purposes. They were held in the station overnight, but after conferences with the police officers and the United States Attorney, were released without prosecution.

"January 14, 1922, Vincent was found in the room of Mrs. Linn, at a leading hotel of St. Louis, their rooms being a short distance apart on the same floor. It was also represented that there was information of Kerens and Mrs. Linn occupying adjoining rooms at another hotel, two weeks before."

The last of these alleged misbehaviors was in 1924, and therefore what is the equivalent of a five-year statute of limitations would have prevented Madeline and Gladys from bringing it up but for the fact their brother tried to explain away the slips by some affidavits of his own. These, the sisters claim were false and until he confessed their falsity, they constituted a continuing sin. Vincent claimed he had merely been visiting the lady in her room, in broad daylight and in the company of another man.

Kerens had been divorced from the bottle and his wife but the best way to get rid of this "technicality" was to marry her. After that, if a detective peeped through a keyhole and saw him making love to her, instead of being reprehensible, it was praiseworthy, as long as he was not hav[illegible] a drink.

Vincent decided he had b[illegible]r study the lives of the saints who h[illegible]ized on the difficult busines[illegible] good. He found that while [illegible] the stronger characters had [illegible]aged to live in the big cities where they had to thrash Satan in some form, at most every street corner, others played safe by becoming hermits in caves and huts in the wilderness.

This plan would not only make it hard for the devil to get after Kerens, but detectives and other enemies. So he buried himself in a little cabin in Northern Wisconsin, where Winters the snow is deep and the temperature gets down to twenty-four below zero. In the Summer there are mosquitoes, black flies and many other discouragers of patient sleuths.

Such austerities are fine for fortifying Vincent's character and they also keep women away, which the old hermits usually put at the top of the list of temptations.

But the second Mrs. Kerens is a woman, nobody was paying her $1,900,000 to be so "miserably good" and therefore it would be cruel and inhuman to make her a hermitess. Naturally she refused. Yet her husband's leaving her a year constituted desertion, so on July 14, Mrs. Kerens was granted in a Chicago court a divorce on the grounds of desertion. She established the fact her husband deserted on Feb. 6, 1932. Illinois law requires but one year absence for divorce.

For the support of their two adopted children, Mary and Jack, twelve and fifteen years of age, respectively, the ex-Mrs. Kerens was allowed $150 a month.

An hour later, Mrs. Kerens became the blushing bride of Harold L. Cassell, whose wife just that morning had divorced him on charge of desertion, dating from April 21, 1933. The Cassells were married the same year that Kerens and Mrs. Linn were—1924.

Can the sisters use that as proof that he has been a "bad husband" again? Vincent thinks such a claim will be disallowed because it was their tireless vigilance which finally drove him into the tall timber. He bases this partly on the fact that at the last hearing the sisters tried to saddle the expense of lawyers, detectives and everything on Kerens but the court made them pay the bills themselves which has somewhat dampened the fervor of those crusaders. Vincent's attorney, George Barton, Jr., believes the long fight is won.

To be free to rush to the arms of Mrs. Kerens it looked like Cassell had given up virtually all his worldly goods. Their beautiful Beverly Hills home, located in a suburb of Chicago, was signed over to Mrs. Cassell in addition to his entire holdings in a patent medicine business which Cassell had spent years building up.

Before the divorce, Kerens had accompanied his outgoing wife to the office of Attorney Carl Nussbaum, where they asked to have drawn up a ten-day stipulation agreement which privileged Mrs. Mae Kerens to bring up the question of financial settlement after the divorce by notifying the court ten days in advance. This would indicate a previous arrangement had been made attendant on the termination of Vincent's inheritance. Just how large a slice of his fortune Mrs. Kerens expects, when and if he gets it, in consideration of her twelve years as wife-guardian to a man who must not take a drink, is not known.

If Kerens' ship fails to make port, the financial aid Mrs. Kerens Cassell might have brought her new husband in his ventures, may be sadly missed. Vincent's $1,000 a month is good whether he collects the principal or not. Her lawyer, Mr. Howard H. Wikoff, of Chicago, intimates that the seas are calm as far as his client is concerned.

"Hobby Horses" That Won't Be Tamed

Hans Starr, Rodeo Rider, Trying, With the Usual Futility, to Tame One of Col. W. T. Johnson's Fiery "Hobby Horses."

BOB WALLACE PHOTO

Right—Dora Keen, an Expert Rider and Rodeo Belle, Who Gets in a Lot of Practice Trying to Break the Colonel's Stubborn Steeds.

BOBBITT PHOTO

The Champion of All Woman Bronc Riders Is Rose Davis, One of the Stars of the Rodeo.

BOB WALLACE-PHOTO

There Are Champs Among the Broncs, Too. This One Enjoys the Reputation of Throwing More Riders in Less Time Than Any Other of the Colonel's Wild Collection.

EVERY year thousands of New Yorkers flock to Madison Square Garden to enjoy the thrills that go with watching the best cowboys and cowgirls in the country try to ride the worst horses. The riders are picked from the year's crack performers at rodeos all over the West and Southwest and the horses—well, most of them are "hobby horses" and the property of Colonel W. T. Johnson, of San Antonio, Texas.

It is the Colonel's avocation—his vocations are ranching and banking—to scour the country for the "buckingest" horses and pit these untamed and untamable animals against the ablest of riders. Once in a while one of the Colonel's buckers "goes civilized" or loses some of his man-hating fire, and when the horse fails to throw at least 60 per cent of the cowhands that presume to ride it, then it is retired and replaced by another "hobby horse" blessed (or cursed) with more temper and temperament.

The meanest of the Johnson string of bucking horses are in New York right now, ready to exhibit their "ornery" dispositions at the annual Milk Fund rodeo, which opens October 10 and continues through October 28. The best of American and Canadian cowpunchers, male and female, are in town, too, hoping to stick on some of the Colonel's tempestuous pets and indulge in other typically Western antics for national championships and $55,000 in cash prizes that go with these laurels.

The Texas banker and ranchman became a collector of bucking horses years ago, before he ever thought of supplying them to rodeos. He was brought up with spirited horseflesh, and always found the outlaws that objected vigorously to being ridden more interesting than their tamer and more tractable corral mates.

"It may surprise some people who are not familiar with Western horses to know that some of these 'outlaws' are not at all sour dispositioned," says Colonel Johnson. "They can be handled easily, but they're independent and just don't intend to be ridden. Contrary to rather widespread opinion they are not trained to buck. They buck naturally, because it is the only way that they can get rid of such ambitious and courageous individuals as presume to break them to the saddle."

The best buckers, it seems, are not wild horses, but big, rangy ranch animals that have "gone independent." When one of the Colonel's scouts hears of such a horse, or sees one spill cowboy after cowboy at a local rodeo, he buys it and adds it to the string of more than 150 bad actors that are kept on the Johnson ranch.

The best, or worst, of the buckers in this year's Milk Fund rodeo is a horse called "Fiddle Face." For the past eight years he has been throwing cowboys, and he has no more respect for a champion rider than for a nervy novice.

"Whenever anybody stays in a saddle on Fiddle Face," says his owner, "it's because the horse is off feed, and he usually gets his man the instant the gate of the saddling chute is opened. As one of the country's best cowboys put it, 'You're on him and then there just ain't no horse under you.'"

Nature Makes a Pitchfork

MISS GENEVA MITCHELL, of Hollywood, California, is not a farmer, but she has among her prized personal effects a curious looking pitchfork. The implement was sent to her by a relative who lives in that part of France where many of the flowers that go into the manufacture of French perfume are grown. It is a one-piece affair, and is formed of the trunk and limbs of a mulberry tree.

A letter that came with the odd gift explained that Mother Nature hadn't quite fashioned the pitchfork all by herself, but that the limbs of the growing tree had been trained so that they would develop in a "pitchforkian" manner.

When the tree was seven years old it was cut down, the limbs were trimmed to the proper length, the bark was peeled off and the fork was dried in an oven to season the wood.

Such natural pitchforks frequently are used in France to handle the delicate blossoms that are used in the making of perfume.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Miss Geneva Mitchell With the Natural Pitchfork Sent Her From France. It Took Nature Seven Years to Fashion It From a Mulberry Tree.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.-PHOTO

"How do you like my hat?" Inquires the Plump and Pretty Girl in the Center. "Wait a moment," Interrupts the Deft Lady's Maid on the Left, "until I get it fitted." "Well, to be honest," Says the Portly Lady on the Right, "you'd better send it back. You're starting pretty young with this millinery habit."

Using Trees to Change Climate

UNCLE SAM, powerful as he is, knows better than to surmise that he can dictate or control the weather. But government scientists do say that they can, and will, bring about a change in the climate of a considerable portion of the Great Plains area of the Middle West by planting a shelter belt of trees from the Canadian border in North Dakota down through South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma into Texas. Fifteen million dollars already has been appropriated for a beginning of the project, which calls, eventually, for a strip of vegetation a thousand miles long and a hundred miles wide.

These plantings will, the scientists say, change the climate by cutting down the velocity of winds that now sweep across the Great Plains, and thus prevent the steady shifting of topsoil, tending to make desert wastes of once fertile land. The reduction in wind velocity will range from 20 to 35 per cent, and evaporation of moisture will be reduced at least 30 per cent, because the roots of the trees will hold more of the rainfall.

Small experiments in planting shelter belts in this country and abroad have indicated that the forestation of dry areas definitely brings about climatic changes.

The Human Cannon Ball's Tragic End

PARIS.

IF Gaston Richard, known all over Europe as the Human Cannon Ball, had not been a big-hearted fellow who couldn't refuse to do his bit for his more unfortunate fellow men, he would be alive today and enjoying the fame and fortune that he acquired during his many years with the circus.

It was about a year ago that Richard, then 52, decided that he was getting too old to be shot out of a cannon day after day, and that, because he had more than enough money to last him the rest of his life, he would retire and enjoy the profits of his spectacular and dangerous career.

Year after year he had traveled about Europe and played the role of human projectile, and year after year he had crawled into the mouth of a bigger gun and permitted himself to be catapulted further through the air. At the time of his retirement he was astounding and thrilling audiences by a flight of 146 feet from the mouth of the gun to the net in which he always safely landed. At the height of his violent ride he was more than seventy feet above ground.

Time and again M. Richard had turned down offers to go back in the show business, even though he could have made as much as a thousand dollars a performance. He had, he said, definitely decided not to risk his neck any longer.

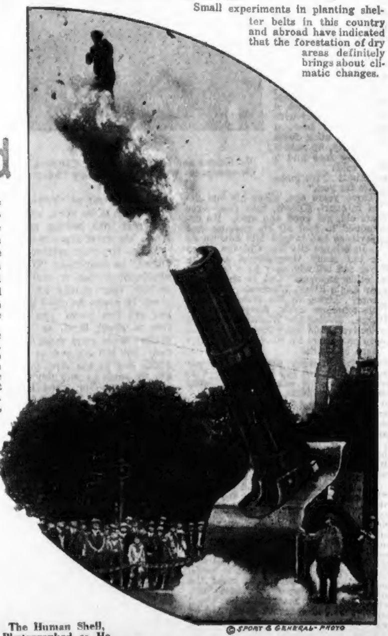
And then some of his old circus friends came to him and begged him to play the role of human cannon ball just once more—for sweet charity's sake. Thousands of people would pay to see him, and the money thus raised would buy comfort, medicine and expert treatment for hundreds of the country's crippled children.

For a time the performer was firm in his refusal. He would give generously of his money, but would not come out of retirement. Finally he was persuaded that no one could attract as many people to the charity show as he. So he had the gun taken out of storage and wheeled to the grounds where the show was to be held. He himself tested the cannon with a weight and personally supervised the setting up of the net. He was more than ordinarily careful of his preparations, and he admitted that his year's layoff had given him a feeling of nervousness which he hadn't felt when he was doing the dangerous stunt regularly.

That evening he appeared at the fete dressed in the uniform of a naval officer. He told the audience that he was glad to turn projectile just once more for such a good cause, and lowered himself into the big gun's muzzle. There was an instant of tense silence and a deafening report. M. Richard came hurtling out of the gun, his arms held out before him.

At the height of his flight it was apparent that he lacked sufficient impetus to reach the net. The crowd screamed and people put their hands before their faces. The Human Cannon Ball struck the ground with a sickening thud. The charge had not been powerful enough.

The doctors said that big-hearted Gaston Richard had died instantly because his skull had been fractured and his neck broken.



SPORT & GENERAL-PHOTO

The Human Shell, Photographed as He Was Fired From His Cannon in Paris. It Was His Last Performance.

Insect Hunt 8000 Feet High

THE good citizens of Dillon, Montana, wondered what was going on when they saw a big box-kite being sent up into the air by a group of men much too old to spend their time playing with such things. But when they read the papers that night they found out that the kite-fliers were serious-minded workers in the Department of Agriculture, and that they weren't amusing themselves, but conducting an insect hunt 8,000 feet above the ground.

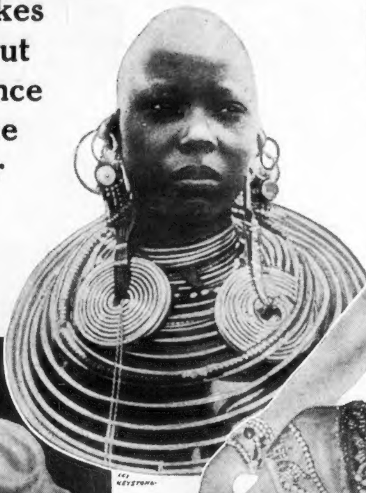
The kite, which was equipped with special traps to catch any bugs that might be flying about in its path, was used in an attempt to find out just how high some of the pests that attack trees and garden crops go in their migrations from one feeding ground to the next.

Early studies had indicated that some of the worst of the forest-eating insects go so high in the air after they "take off" that they seldom are seen by people on the ground. Because of their supposed high-flying habits it was difficult to trace their movements and, of course, to wage war against them.

Airport officials were instructed to warn the pilots of passenger and mail planes flying over Dillon to keep their eyes open for the kite and its long cable.

The 7 Points That Make "Personality"

Dr. W. S. Casselberry, Distinguished Psychologist, Explains What It Is That Makes People Like or Dislike You, but Gives the Comforting Assurance That You Don't Have to Rate 100 Per Cent to Be Popular


(c) KEYSTONE

(Above, Center), Personality Plus in South Africa and Consisting Largely of Brass Bangles—But, After All, No Different in Her Surroundings Than Mrs. Nash's Clothes Were in Hers.

Photo DE MEYER

Mrs. Jean Nash, Now Madame Paul Dubonnet, Whose Personality Was Built Up of 100 Per Cent Clothes and Poise. She Claimed No Special Beauty of Face and Figure, and Was Burdened With Many Personal Problems, but, Nevertheless, Won One of the Richest Husbands in Europe.

Beauty Alone Is a Drawback to Personality Because It Creates Jealousy, but Ivy Lillian Close, Famous English Beauty, Won a Popularity Contest Because in Addition to Point 2, She Had Plenty of Points 3, 4, 5 and 7.

PERSONALITY, that vague, mysterious but powerful quality which draws everyone smiling to one person and repels them from another, turns out not to be mysterious at all but to depend on seven quite definite things which work on people through their ordinary senses and are easy to understand.

Dr. William S. Casselberry, director of the Los Angeles Psychological Service Center, from his long experience, has set down a seven-point scale. These may be like seven bayonet points, sticking into everyone unpleasantly or seven magnets that attract. Probably nobody ever had the entire seven developed to 100 per cent perfection.

Whether a person's personality is good, bad or mediocre, according to this authority, is determined by striking an average on how he or she rates on the following seven points:

(1) Vitality or abundance of energy, (2) appearance, including clothing, face, hair, carriage and figure, (3) voice, (4) poise, (5) conversation, including fluency and interest, (6) success in one's vocation, and (7) the presence or absence of personal problems with other people.

At first glance it is evident that much can be done in developing several of these points and many would say that they had already spent as much time and money as they could afford. However, some of their efforts may be misguided and have undesirable effects.

For instance, on point 2, not many women could be accused justly of neglecting their clothing and general appearance. But even if it is stylish and becoming, the same garb which adds to a woman's personality before one set of eyes may repel another set. To some persons a woman outdoors in pajamas is attractive, to others the effect is unpleasant. To most women, one of their own sex in modern masculine attire is cute and attractive but to most men she is the reverse.

Point 5 is another one which both sexes work unceasingly though not always with happy results. Everyone realizes early in life that it is desirable to rate as intelligent and well-informed. The way to achieve this is conversation; so everyone talks and most everyone talks too much, as far as personality is concerned. The empty-headed man or woman betrays this weakness, repelling the person he is trying to impress. But even the smart, fluent, witty and well-informed often offend, especially if the words are delivered with a disagreeable voice.

Lady Astor, except for one defect, would have an extraordinary high-all-around rating and should be the most influential woman in England, but she talks too much. Full of vitality, beautiful, spending a fortune on clothes, with the highest social standing, a delight to all the senses, she has a strong but pleasant voice which she knows enough to modulate. In addition to all this, she is one of the best-informed women in the world, nimble-witted and so quick in repartee that she almost invariably makes her opponents in Parliament look foolish.

Photo INT'L

Lady Astor, a Very Intelligent Woman, With Many Charms and Graces, but Whose Popularity Is Much Lessened by Her Habit of Making Sharp Retorts and Acid Remarks.

Yet this charming and gifted person has little influence. Men laugh and applaud at her wit, but they do not take her advice. Women copy her hats and gowns but not her opinions. Even the smartest woman in the world, if she jumps up to give a public opinion on every subject, is bound to make a lot of sad mistakes. The incessantly talking woman, who seems to be the life of the party, may in reality be the death of the party for other women who would like a moment to show how clever they are.

Lady Astor has many enemies. Another Englishwoman, Ivy Lillian Close is so beautiful that naturally all men are attracted to her, but in a contest to select the most typical English beauty, she won because of 500,000 votes from members of her own sex. This popular beauty lets other women talk and seems to have no enemies at all.

Jean Nash is another woman of striking popularity. She has never claimed exceptional beauty, but she has poise, clothes and intelligence. She knows when to talk and when to keep silent.

Vitality, or abundance of energy, is largely born in a person. It makes the eye shine, gives a certain timbre to the voice, a firmness and warmth to the touch and is evident in every movement. This is now known to be governed by the strength and harmony of the ductless glands of the body. Even these may be improved by obeying the well-known laws of health, and gland specialists are sometimes helpful.

It has long been noted that huge men with powerful, dominating appearance usually are soft-spoken and have the mildest manners. As far as personality is concerned, this is just right. If the man with domineering physique has also a domineering manner it puts everyone instinctively on the defensive against him, which means a bad personality.

On the contrary, the big, soft-spoken man suggests a friendly tower of strength, a possible friend in need, whom everyone is moved to cultivate. It is the difference between a huge dog entering a room with wagging tail or showing his teeth and growling.

The same principle applies to women, though they do not seem to realize it as well. The big, dominating type of woman often creates an unfavorable personality for herself by adopting the dominating manner which belongs in the school room but is resented elsewhere.. At the same time the little "half-portion cutie" bosses men and women around most outrageously and makes them like it.

"Everything about an individual that affects the senses of others is a definite factor, contributing to his or her personality," Dr. Casselberry explains. "Perhaps it seems a little crude to say you like or dislike a person by what you see, hear, feel, taste or smell about him, but let's see how it works out.

"Regardless of old wheezes about beauty being only skin-deep, appearances count for a lot in their impression on others. A person with good facial features, including eyes, nose, teeth, mouth, forehead, ears, attractive and well-kept hair, shapely figure, proper posture and carriage, naturally starts in a personality contest with a decided advantage over one not so fortunately endowed with these physical characteristics.

George Bernard Shaw, Whose Outstanding Personality Was Built Almost Entirely Upon Points 1, 5 and 6, Was Utterly Lacking in 2, 3, 4 and 7, and Now Has Lost Most of 1, 5 and 6.

"The reaction gained by the sense of feeling may be obtained from the grasp of a hand, whether cold and clammy or warm, firm and vital.

"I recall the case of a girl I knew in college. She had an exceptionally thin arm. To take her arm in crossing a street was like holding a broom handle. This physical characteristic, which was 'felt,' was so noticeable that all of the boys who knew the girl joked and talked about it. Anything that makes such a vivid impression on others as that is a factor that consciously or subconsciously has a bearing on her personality.

"The sense of hearing plays a most important role. One's appearance may be 100 per cent, he may 'feel' all right, but perhaps he has a loud, rasping voice that irritates his listeners. Maybe he is a nose talker or a whiner. It may be a habit of interrupting while others are talking. Naturally any one of a number of voice defects marks down his otherwise high rating."

It has never been explained why women neglect point 3 so often. They go to such pains and expense to please all other senses, yet seem not to care that they repel men with their loud and raucous voices. As singing stars they are fully the equal of men, but as radio announcers, they have been mostly failures, which is not through lack of practice.

The Powerful Personality of Mussolini Is Composed Largely of Points No. 1, No. 5 and No. 7—But It Is a Combination That Would Suffer If It Lacked Point No. 6.

"The sense of taste doubtless is a more negligible factor," Dr. Casselberry states. "However, they tell me that girls' lip rouge comes in different flavors. A man kissing a girl might easily get an unfavorable reaction if he encountered a flavored lip rouge not to his liking. On the other hand a girl kissing a man who had just thrown away a stale cigar probably would give him a poor mark on 'taste.'

"Of course, critics will say that this system is fallacious, that personality is a spiritual, emotional, non-material something that casts a spell on others and has nothing to do with the so-called physical attributes.

"As an example of this these critics might say 'Mr. Jones is terribly homely, has dandruff, flat feet, and sucks through his teeth—but he has a wonderful personality.' Such an individual is an exception to the general rule, although a man with these handicaps might obtain a good rating in my test because of the high mark he might get in voice, fluency and interest of conversation and success in vocation."

Point 6, success in vocation, perhaps gives the basic clue to what personality really is. It probably is a sort of general impression given by all seven points as to whether the person would make a valuable friend worth cultivating, a dangerous enemy to be feared, a nuisance to be avoided or just a zero of no importance, good or bad.

Edison, deaf, preoccupied and too busy with his thoughts to make the slightest efforts in appearance or manner to ingratiate himself with anyone, nevertheless attracted everyone who saw him.

"What a brain!" they said, and all yearned to be his intimate friend. The same thing applies to the biggest lawyer or surgeon, whether handsome or not, and if it is known that Jack Dempsey is coming to your party, it will be advisable to have a squad of police to keep the mob from tramping on the flower beds.

Such superior beings are valuable friends and the instinct that draws people to them is based on common sense.

George Bernard Shaw won an enormous amount of free publicity and became a very rich man by taking a preposterous attitude on important questions, such as denying that vaccination, which wiped out one of the most prevalent and fatal diseases in the world, was a good thing. More or less with his tongue in his cheek, he went on attacking some of the soundest beliefs he could find, and then, in his old age, he began to take himself seriously. Not long ago, in New York, he gave a dull and interminable lecture over a radio national network and achieved one of the most dismal failures since broadcasting began. He had a fine personality as a sort of literary clown, but not much as a serious-minded adviser.

Point 7, the presence or absence of personal problems with other people, is the obverse of point 6. The problem neighbor, like the problem child, gives an unfavorable impression. It is hard to admire the personality of the man whose oil heater smells abominably, who keeps you awake at night or shames you with an unsightly yard. Your disapproval, in his eyes, gives you a narrow-minded personality.

Strange as it may seem, some individuals deliberately cultivate a repellent personality. The haughty, autocratic, "high-hat" demeanor of kings and emperors of old, as well as some modern rich men and big executives, is a sort of facial scarecrow, without which they would be constantly mobbed in public by beggars and favor seekers.

Modern politicians have the same need but they dare not show that unpopular "frozen face" to the public because, from dog-catcher to President, their jobs depend on how the voters like their personality rather than whether they are good public servants. So they go around beaming and back-slapping in public but transfer the stony face to the secretary in the outside office who shoos the time-wasters away from his boss.

Matron's Code To Put End To Servant Snatching

IF you've been guilty of "cook bootlegging," you're as bad as a siren who lures away another woman's husband. What's more, you ought to be treated as a social outcast.

This is the verdict of the Philadelphia Council on Household Occupations, on whose board are a group of wealthy and socially prominent women who have just met to draw up and endorse a code for the maid-of-all-work. The agreement, which will be signed by 250 employers and their maids, names a sixty-hour maximum work-week, a salary of $10 weekly if living in and $16 to $17 weekly if the servant lives out and gets all her meals out.

Servant snatching is an old domestic custom, and there probably never has been any civilized community untainted by it. Just why it is that a woman, who wouldn't even dream of purloining a friend's husband, teaspoons, guest towels or any other household appurtenance, will often use all of her ingenuity in stealing a "jewel of a maid," has long been and probably always will be one of the major feminine mysetries.

Many sweet friendships, apparently destined to endure for a lifetime, have been abruptly shattered when one woman so greatly coveted another's maidservant and completely forgot or ignored the Biblical injunction and enticed away the prized domestic by offering higher wages or better working conditions.

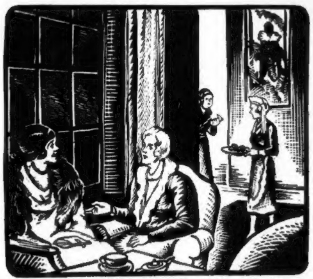
Such thievery has always been considered by housewives as one of the most heinous of social offenses. But heretofore there has never been any organized effort to put a stop to it. In taking the initiative, the social leaders of Philadelphia have started a movement that may very well become popular not only with housewives in other communities, but with servants as well.

For under this new code for domestics the interests of servants are safeguarded quite as much as the interests of employers.

The members of the Philadelphia Council on Household Occupations have worked out an ambitious program, and if it proves practical and can be extended to other cities it should be a great boon both to housewives and servants and should go a long way toward solving many perplexing angles of the perennial servant problem.

In the household Utopia, which Mrs. W. Wayne Babcock, chairman of the board, hopes to achieve, there will be regular stated "rest periods" for housemaids. But these "rest periods" will not come as the result of the maid depositing the baby on the floor.

Other provisions are: Cooks will not be permitted to stroll out of the kitchen and into the parlor if a roast is simmering in the oven; chambermaids cannot give the signal to the policeman on the block until they have completed their assigned quota of bed-making; unexpected guests or other emergencies may wreak havoc with the schedule, but somewhere, through adjustments, even with unforeseen emergencies, the women believe the maximum 60-hour week can be maintained.



Under the Code, If You Are a Housewife and Given to Enticing Your Friends' Servants From Their Employ Into Your Own, You Are Considered as Bad as the Siren Who Lures Away Another Woman's Husband, Say the Philadelphia Matrons.

"Cook bootlegging must stop," Mrs. Babcock said. "Our agreement has the object of standardizing household employment. Each year there is a decrease of skilled household employes, and unless the women of the country do something to remove the stigma from housework, we are going to find ourselves shortly without competent help in our homes.

"A recent survey of the country shows there is considerable exploitation of household workers. The last census reported nearly a million and a half domestic employes. It is increasingly difficult to get a good general maid, cook or chambermaid because we have not enough training in our public schools to prepare girls for housework.

"House employment should be eagerly sought after. We should have special courses in our public schools. The great turnovers in servants come because of too long hours and unsystematized work. Just when a maid is well trained, she leaves, many women learn, but this is because they do not manage their households intelligently. A better type of worker must be attracted to the home."

Mrs. Babcock keeps as strict an account of hours in her own home as General Johnson would recommend. Time devoted to eating meals, personal errands and rest periods are not considered working hours from the employer's point of view and are not counted in the 60-hour week.

This code for housemaids, which is one for protection of the employer and the efficiency of her home, provides a written agreement between maid and "madam," each to have a copy. In the agreement, regular duties should be clearly defined, with provisions made for emergencies. Time on call means that time when the maid is not free to leave the house but may rest or follow her own pursuits. Two hours on call shall be considered equivalent to one hour of working time.

Time off is to be two half-days a week or one whole day a week. One week's vacation with pay after the first year's service will be given in all cases. There will be pay for overtime at the rate of 40 to 50 cents an hour. Comfortable living conditions, including adequate food, private bedroom, access to bath and space for personal possessions shall be provided. A maid cannot be dismissed without one week's notice after the trial period of two weeks is passed, the servant must give one week's notice in the same way.

Among the 250 women who adopted this code were Mrs. Babcock, chairman; Mrs. James Rowland Angell, Mrs. Frank Aydelotte, Mrs. Curtis Bok, Mrs. William Shipley and Mrs. Thomas Raeburn White.

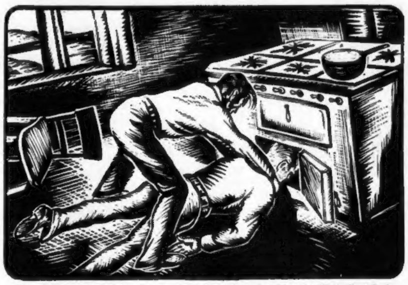
The Perfect Murder -But Not Quite, When Science Steps In

SCIENCE turned detective in London the other day to solve the mysterious death of an 85-year-old man, and to convict his son-in-law of murder, in connection with a killing that probably would have been declared a suicide if it hadn't been for a novel application of modern methods of blood testing.

James W. Pullen, the aged victim, was found dead in the kitchen of the house in Bath where he lived with his son-in-law, Reginald Ivor Hinks, a 32-year-old electrical engineer, and Hinks's wife. The body was "discovered" by Hinks. The old man was dead, his head thrust into the oven of the kitchen stove. The gas jets were turned on, and a coat was draped around the dead man's head in such a way that it covered most of the oven door so that little gas could escape into the room.

Hinks called to his wife, who became hysterical when she found that her father was dead, and then the young engineer called the police and a doctor. He had, meanwhile, lifted his father-in-law away from the stove. The body was stretched out on the floor of the kitchen when the police arrived.

Both the engineer and his wife were broken up over the tragedy when the officers got there, but they pulled themselves together sufficiently to explain that Pullen, who they said had been senile for several years, had often mumbled threats of committing suicide.



The Prosecution Drove Home Its Point After the Chemist Had Testified. James Pullen, It Was Pointed Out, Had Been Struck Unconscious and Then the Attacker Had Placed the Old Man's Head in the Gas Oven, Leaving Him to Die.

The body of the aged man was removed from the house. The detectives were convinced that the case was one of suicide, but, in conformity with the routine investigation that is carried out in connection with all deaths other than those of natural causes, an autopsy was held. It revealed a cut and a bruise on the back of the dead man's head.

It seemed strange that a man who had killed himself by gas should have such an injury, and police started an investigation of the Hinks family. They learned that Hinks, unable to obtain employment as an engineer, had been selling vacuum cleaners on a commission. They also learned that this cleaner-salesman had met and married Pullen's daughter, then a widow, about a year before the death of her father. Less than two weeks later, the young engineer had instructed a lawyer to draw up a will for his aged father-in-law, leaving all his property and possessions to his daughter, now Mrs. Hinks.

The old man had been a master-tailor for years, and had accumulated a small fortune that brought him in an income of a few thousand dollars a year.

Two attendants, who had been employed for several years to care for Pullen, were discharged a short time after the marriage and Hinks took on the task of looking after his father-in-law.

A few months later, it was revealed, Hinks instructed a lawyer to attach a codicil to the old man's will, leaving the house in Bath, and its contents to him. Some time later Hinks instructed a lawyer in Dorking to sell Pullen's property there, and the young engineer received nearly $5,000 from this sale

Somehow, possibly through the lawyer who had drawn the will and added the codicil, or through the solicitor who had sold the Dorking property, the authorities took steps to protect Pullen's estate. Because the old man was mentally incompetent, an official receiver was appointed by the court to conserve his property. That was two months before Pullen's death. With the appointment of the receiver, Hinks lost control of his father-in-law's money.

The detectives returned to the house in Bath and questioned Hinks a second time. They mentioned the cut on his father-in-law's head. The engineer appeared puzzled, at first, but then he explained. "When I pulled his body from the stove, I was so nervous that I inadvertently dropped him," he recalled. "I remember that his head struck the floor with a thud. It must have been then that he received the cut and the bruise."

But the detectives weren't so certain this time that Pullen had committed suicide. Hinks was taken to jail, and he was charged with murder.

When the case was called for trial in the famous courtroom of "Old Bailey" Hinks took the witness stand in his own defense. Asked if he had had anything to do with his father-in-law's death, he declared:

"No, I had not. I deeply regret it. It is a terribly wicked thing that it should happen like this. It was a plain, deliberate case of suicide."

Dr. Scott Reid, who had attended Pullen through several illnesses, testified that his patient, though admittedly senile, had manifested no suicidal tendencies to him. The doctor went farther and expressed his doubt that a man with the mental trouble his patient had would be capable of planning suicide.

"It is rare for people with mental trouble to attempt suicide," the doctor said. "It is generally the sane man who kills himself, not the insane."

The defense attorney leaped to his feet. "You mean that you disagree with almost every coroner's jury in this country?" he demanded. The usual finding of a coroner's jury in a case of suicide is that the victim killed himself while "temporarily insane."

"I do," replied the doctor. He added that insane men and women seldom worry, and that worry was the usual cause for suicide.

Mrs. Hinks was called to the stand and testified that her father had often threatened to kill himself. She expressed the belief that her husband would not have killed anyone, let alone her father.

Dr. Allen D. Fraser, a pathologist, took the stand for Hinks. The doctor said he had conducted an experiment with the body of a man of nearly the same age and weight of Pullen. "I put a block of wood under the shoulders to raise the body, and then placed the dead man's head on a pair of scales, counterpoising the weight of the head with metal weights. It took eight pounds to equalize the weight," the doctor said.

The witness then held up a square piece of metal which he said weighed seven pounds. He lifted it seven inches from the top of a table. That was the height of the oven door from the floor. Suddenly the doctor let the weight fall. There was a startled gasp in the courtroom, as it crashed to the table.

"I think such a fall could cause the bruise and cut that were found," he said.

The demonstration had been effective. There was little to connect Hinks with the death of his father-in-law save the possible motive of securing the old man's money. It appeared that the jury sided with the accused man.

Then the prosecution called its last witness. A chemist took the stand. He had two bottles with him, that contained reddish liquid. That liquid, he testified, was blood that once had coursed through the body of James Pullen. One bottle, he said, contained blood that had been taken from the dead man's veins. The other bottle contained a solution made from the blood that had seeped from the cut on his head.

Pullen had died, the chemist said, from carbon monoxide poisoning, as a result of inhaling the gas. The witness picked up the bottle of blood that had been drawn from the dead man's veins. "This blood is impregnated with carbon monoxide," he said.

Then the chemist picked up the other bottle, and held it out toward the jury. "This is part of the blood that came from the cut on the dead man's head," he said.

"There is no trace of carbon monoxide in it," he added.

Hinks's defense was exploded. It was apparent from the chemist's tests, that the cut on the dead man's head had occurred before he had been placed in the gas oven. The pure blood, untainted by gas, had betrayed the killer. The prosecution pounded home its point—that James Pullen had been knocked unconscious, and then his head had been placed into the oven to allow him to breathe in the deadly gas that had gone into the blood still inside his body. Hinks was sentenced to death.

Turkey's Population Jumps As "Hidden Horde" Is Legalized

THE population of Turkey is expected to leap, within the next few weeks, from 14,000,000 to 18,000,000 in one of the strangest census registrations known to history. Proud Turkish fathers and mothers will, for the first time since 1925, parade the streets with 4,000,000 heretofore illegal children. They have been called "the hidden horde" and they are the products of illegal polygamous marriages during the last nine years, since Mustapha Kemal, ruler of that land of minarets and mystery, evolved a new code of laws designed to lead Turkey out of the past and into the present.

The Roman alphabet has, by law, replaced the Arabic, which was blamed for 80 per cent of Turkey's illiteracy. The Gregorian Calendar was adopted, and modern clocks replaced the ancient and complicated method of reckoning time. Day and night schools were opened throughout the country.

But probably most important of all, the harem—sanctioned by law and custom through the ages, and a living symbol to Western minds of the mystery that was Turkey—was abolished. Polygamy was wiped out by law. A man was limited to a single wife. But polygamy continued in Turkey, just as drinking continued when the United States was dry.

"Bootleg" marriages were contracted, and the harems continued. But violations of the law were difficult to conceal because prima facie evidence of those violations were the children born of these unsanctioned unions. The existence in one household of possibly a half dozen children of the same, or nearly the same age, was biologically embarrassing.

So the little Fatimas, and the little Ali Babas, born of forbidden alliances were kept out of sight. They had to play inside their own homes, these 4,000,000 of "the hidden horde." They had to be prepared at all times to disappear into dark basements in the event of the arrival of guests, or the tax-collector, or the police. They couldn't even be taken to the mosques, to worship. At the present time many families have far more of these illegal children than they have legal.

The Turkish authorities were puzzled what step to take to combat these conditions. Turkish parents became as expert at hiding their unlawful sons and daughters as the average American became expert at hiding his stock of illegal booze.

Something had to be done. At the rate these illegal children were being born, it appeared that at some not far distant date the hidden population of Turkey might exceed the legitimate.

So the government passed a law, granting amnesty to the parents and the progeny of these illegal marriages.

The result was immediately apparent. Four, six, or sometimes a dozen or more children appeared where only one had been known to exist before. School enrollments leaped. Clothing merchants found their stocks of children's apparel nearly exhausted as these hidden Fatimas and Ali Babas were garbed for public appearance.

Enlightened Turkish leaders may, some day, by dint of education, be able to stamp out polygamy in Turkey. But the passive resistance to the law during its first nine years has been astonishing.

Filled House With Signs To Rebuke Husband

Beware! Beast within has seasons of distemper.

This is a lady-killer's den. If he can't eat them alive or scare them to death, he'll starve them. He loves to chew on bones.

I will be gone an hour or two! Let me know if you want me to stay longer so you can do more dirty work. Signed, your fearless, frightened and faithful wife.

THESE are samples of the signs which Paul Erhardt, sixty-four-year-old deacon of the First Baptist Church of Salem, New Jersey, and owner of large real estate holdings in New Jersey, brought into the Camden Chancery Court in order to prove that he deserved a divorce from a wife who could treat him so cruelly.

Advisory Master William J. Kraft had to stifle his own laughter and the giggles of the courtroom several times, as Erhardt and his lawyer, J. Claud Simon, brought forth sign after sign which they claimed Mrs. Mabel Erhardt, the forty-nine-year-old wife and ex-housekeeper, had used to make her husband's life miserable.

But although Erhardt claimed his wife was cruel, Kraft could not see the thing in exactly the same light. He continued the case but intimated that he did not think Mrs. Mabel Erhardt's antics really constituted cruelty sufficient to warrant a divorce award to her husband.

This unusual tale had its inception in Scranton in 1930 when wealthy Paul Erhardt, who had been twice married before, took for his bride Mabel, who had been a concert singer and won the Pan-American Prise in Buffalo. This same Mabel had been married before, too, and she had first met Paul Erhardt when she became his housekeeper.

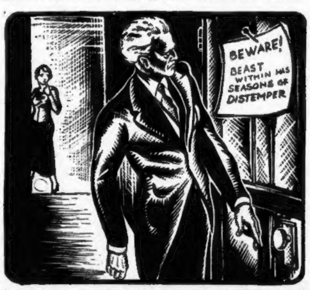
The marriage ran smoothly for only a little while and then Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt occupied separate rooms. They went to church together every Sunday, however, and sang in the choir; so that the community would not know there was anything amiss.

Things kept getting worse. According to the husband, Mrs. Erhardt began beating him with a house slipper, and according to the wife, Mr. Erhardt subjected her to all kinds of indignities. Neighbors began talking and Mr. Erhardt told them that when he and his wife were traveling through Delaware, his wife had said that she wished they lived in that State so that he could be horsewhipped legally.

Finally Erhardt applied for a divorce and the hearing was set at Camden. At the proceedings, the sixty-four-year-old man said:

"Every time we had a quarrel she would put signs on my door and around the hallways of the apartment. Some of them were pasted on the wall and almost impossible to get off. All of them held me up to ridicule."

He brought along for the court to see twenty-five signs which had been written on the backs of letters and advertisement circulars. The larger ones he had photographed and one of them, which he said Mrs. Erhardt had attached to a chair, said: "Caution! This chair is broken and the cane is from P. Erhardt's bed-buggy apartment and is not sanitary."


BEWARE!
BEAST WITHIN HAS SEASONS OF DISTEMPER

Many Times, the 64-Year-Old Deacon Testified, He Would Be Confronted by Satirical Signs, Painted and Hung in Various Parts of the House by His Wife, Who Resorted to This Means of Chastising Him. He Complained That It Constituted a Form of Cruelty.

Erhardt continued: "Two weeks after our marriage, her abuse began. She used vulgar language and accused me of misconduct with other women in the apartment house."

Mrs. Erhardt's attorney, J. R. Dimona, said that his client printed the signs only to ask for food and clothing since her husband and she were not on speaking terms. Mrs. Erhardt herself said: "I only put the signs up when he tried to intimidate or humiliate me. It was the only way I had of combating his treatment of me. I am still fond of him. His beatings began in May, 1933. He threatened to get rid of me by either driving me insane or to committing suicide."

Paul Erhardt, on the stand, admitted that he had shown more than ordinary interest in previous housekeepers in his employ and that he made his wife use oil lamps and tapers. But he insisted that he did not propose to Mabel, but that she had requested him to marry her, and that she had worn down his resistance and he had finally complied with her request. His daughter by a previous marriage admitted writing a letter to her father asking him to treat Mrs. Erhardt like a dog because she did not like her.

Mrs. Mabel Erhardt said that she had posted her first sign in 1932. That was a picture of a bathing girl with her arm around a rubber horse, which by inference stood for her elderly husband, who seemed to like the ladies very much. She said: "I only posted signs to get even for his boasts about affairs with other women."

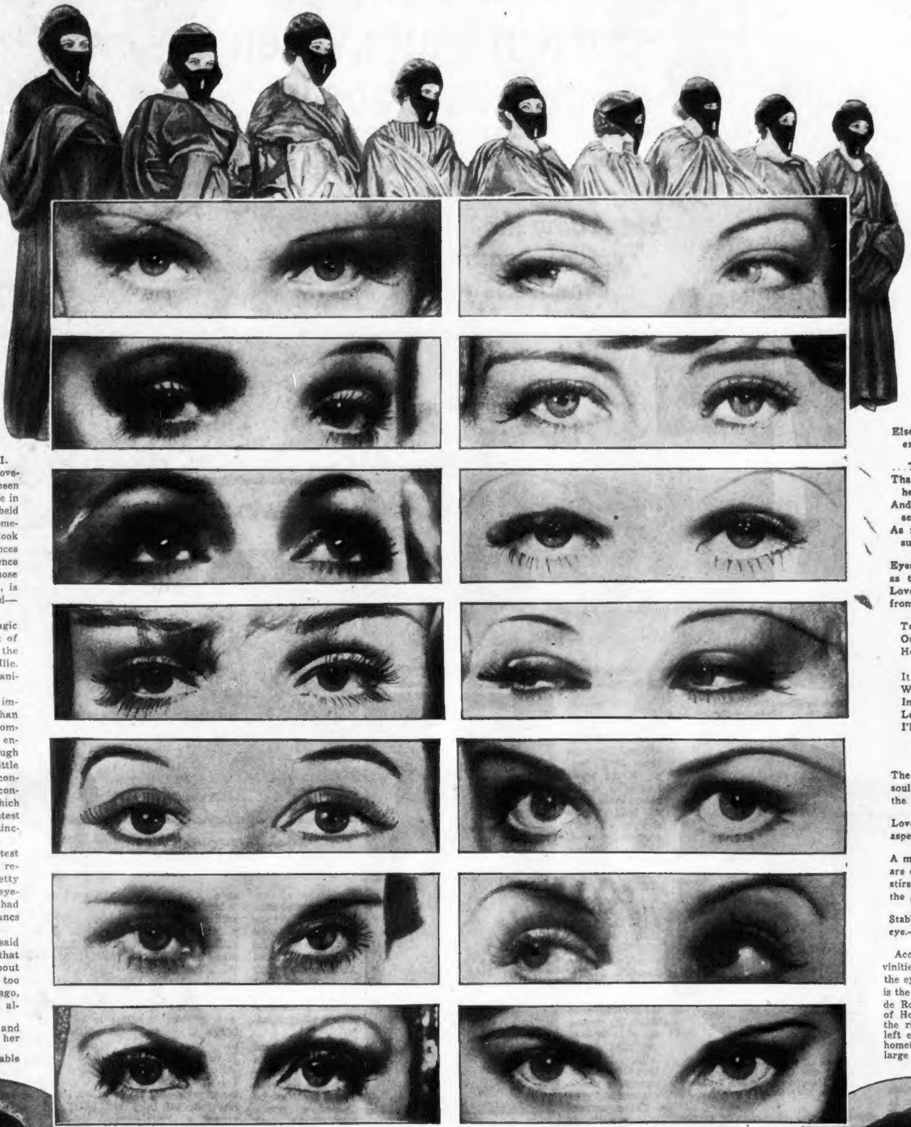
Her husband, on the stand, testified that she had played Yankee Doodle on the radiator pipes just to annoy him, while she insisted she did it only in order to get some heat. He said it disturbed the other tenants. Mr. Erhardt said she hit him with the heel of a slipper, and when Mr. Erhardt's lawyer asked Mrs. Erhardt if she had hit him with a hammer, she said: "Why should I? I have a tongue!"

Advisory Master Kraft, after listening to all this unusual evidence, did not see that Erhardt and his attorney had proven Mrs. Erhardt guilty of extreme cruelty. He continued the case but hinted that he would not grant a divorce but would suggest that Mr. Erhardt give his wife maintenance.

Contest to Select the Loveliest Eyes in Paris

A Pair of Sparkling, Black Eyes Where "Mischief Lies," Picked as the Prize Winner and All Contestants Wore Masks So the Judges Would Not Be Influenced By Their Other Charms

Interesting Comment Stirred By the Competition Which Started Wide Research to Find Out What Poets, Novelists and Philosophers Have Said About the Glory of Feminine Eyes



Nature's Varied Settings for Women's Eyes.

PARIS, October 1.

WELL, the woman with the loveliest eyes in Paris has been found and awarded a prize in an interesting contest recently held here. Oculists, opticians and optometrists agree that all human eyes look very much alike except for differences in color. What makes the difference between "beautiful eyes" and those which are not especially attractive, is the setting in which they are placed—eyelids, eyelashes, eyebrows.

The recent contest was held at Magic City, a public hall on the left bank of the Seine, and the final decision of the judges awarded the medal to Mlle. Henriette Barreau—it was an unanimous vote of the committee.

Great care was taken to make it impossible for the judges to see more than a small part of the face of each competitor. Each woman's head was encased in a hood with a slit big enough to expose her eyes and another little hole to breathe through. Each contestant's figure was completely concealed in a long black robe which covered down to the toes. The contest was open to all women without distinction of age or color.

Curiously enough, while the contest was in progress, the newspapers reported a case in court where a pretty young film actress, who had her eyelashes burned while being filmed, had brought suit for 100,000 francs damages from the company.

"One hundred thousand francs," said the lawyer for the company, "that makes 50,000 francs an eye, or about 1,000 francs an eyelash. It is too much." The court, some months ago, decided that it was too much and allowed the actress 3,000 francs.

"That is too little," she said, and appealed to a higher court, where her case is now about to be heard.

The contest attracted considerable attention and no little newspaper comment.

How the Contestants' Clothes Were Concealed by Robes and the Features Masked Except for the Eyes, So That the Judges Could Not Be Influenced.

One writer pointed out that present fashions and surgical science have insidiously marred the attraction of a woman's greatest charms—her eyes.

They have invaded the harmony of the delightful picture formed by the eyelashes, the eyelids and eyebrows. It may be all very well for the Japanese to shave off their eyelashes and repaint them higher up in the style of butterflies' antennae. That is a decoration suited to their Asiatic faces and their sallow complexions. But when the eyebrows of European women are cut down to a miserable little line upon a large and thoughtful forehead, the result is ungraceful, he asserted.

The eyelashes, "those little brooms of ecstasy," as an eccentric French poet called them, are undergoing a still worse profanation. Upon each eyelash is pasted some foreign hair, which is then tinted, curled and clipped. This curious adornment remains in good condition as long as the wearer restrains her fears, and very few women weep nowadays, another writer pointed out.

In every store the homeliest girl can purchase for a few francs what is called "an intoxicating look." A slender strip of hair from an opossum or some other animal, is sewn on a strip of gold-beater's skin, which can be stuck to the eyelid.

The eyelids have long been loaded with all kinds of cosmetics—kohl, blue pencil, even gold powder. One beautician made up her eyes with liquid air. But now things are getting worse. Esthetic surgery is tinkering with woman's eyes. "Madame," they ask, "why do you endure puffy and wrinkled eyelids? Why do you have pockets under your eyes?" Through the skilled attentions of accomplished surgeons, many of them women, the eyelids are cut apart, enlarged or freed from their superfluous tissue.

The eye, we are told, then appears "immense, disturbing and sublime." A whole dictionary has been invented to describe these amplified and glorified eyes. Thus we can have a "gazelle's eye," a "vamp eye," an "Andalusian eye," a "partridge eye," an "Alma's eye," a "Mousmee's eye," etc. The last two are Oriental varieties of eyes. An Alma is an Egyptian dancing girl, a mousmee is a Japanese girl who serves tea.

But many critics think that the natural beauty of a woman's glance is so great that no one should interfere with its grace. There is a natural harmony between the form of the eyelids and the color of the iris. Some people have eyes of a peculiar color but they are in harmony with the form of the eyebrows. Madame de Sevigne, the wittiest of all letter writers, had streaked eyes, but they seemed charming in her clever face.

The contest started some controversy and research which developed many interesting, classical and poetical comments about eyes, some of which were as follows:

Zuleika's eyes are suns; whoever looks on these
Whate'er their faith before, at once become Parsees—Persian epigram.

A pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances suffice to subdue a man; to enslave him, and inflame; to make him even forget; they dazzle him so that the past becomes straightway dim to him; and he so prizes them, that he would give all his life to possess them. What is the fond love of dearest friends compared to his treasure? Is memory as strong as expectancy, fruition as hunger, gratitude as desire?—Thackeray.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every part about us; and I believe the story of Argus implies no more, than that the eye is in every part; that is to say, every other part would be mutilated, were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself.—Addison.

A gray eye is still and sly;
A roguish eye is the brown;
The eye of blue is ever true;
But in the black eye's sparkling spell
Mystery and mischief dwell.
—Anonymous.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.—Shakespeare.

. . . The soft blue eye,
That looks as it had open'd first in heaven,
And caught its brightness from the seraph's gaze
As flowers are fairest where the sunbeams fall.—Mrs. Hale.

Eyes with the same blue witchery as those of Psyche, which caught Love in his own wiles. — Epigram from the Italian.

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.
—Ding, dong, bell.
—Shakespeare.

The emanations of beauty enter the soul by the eyes, the most subtle of the organs of sense.—Plato.

Love springs from the eyes (Ex aspectu nascit amor).—Latin saying.

A mere nothing, a smile, a gesture, are enough to kindle a passion that stirs the universe. . . The eyes have the greater share in this.—Pascal.

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye.—Shakespeare.

According to Plutarch, the solar divinities of Egypt were symbolized by the eye. He says that in Egypt the eye is the symbol of Apollo and Osiris. M. de Rouge says the eye is the symbol of Horus, son of Osiris and Isis; that the right eye represents the sun, the left eye, the moon. The girls of Mahomet's paradise are called, from their large black eyes—Hur al oyun.

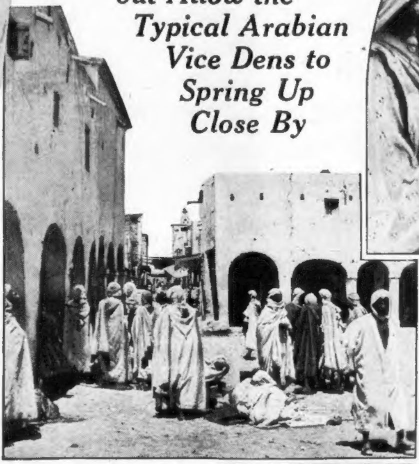
Mlle. Henriette Barreau, a Brunette From Bordeaux With Black Eyes, Who Won the Prize in the "Plus Beaux Yeux de Paris" Contest.

The Strangest Country in the World

Fanatical, Puritanical Mohammedan Outcasts Have Gathered in the Mysterious Land of M'Zab in the Heart of the Sahara Where They Keep Their Towns Strictly Religious but Allow the Typical Arabian Vice Dens to Spring Up Close By

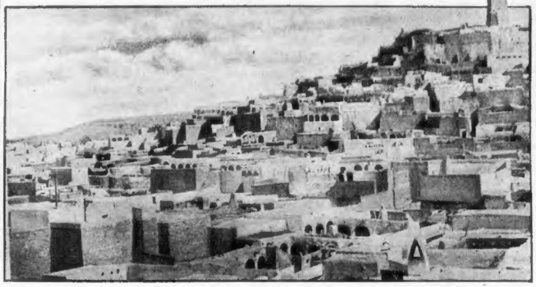
(C) LANDROCK
FROM EWING
GALLOWAY, N.Y.

Women of M'Zab Are Not Permitted to Display Any Part of Their Face on the Few Occasions When They Are Allowed Out of Their Masters' House—But Few Feminine Beauties Can Resist the Photographer, and Those of This Strange Country Are No Exception.



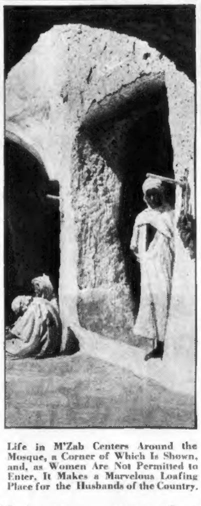
The Searing Heat of the Desert Hangs Over the City Square of Ghardaia in the Strange Land of M'Zab.

These Ouled Nails—Professional Dancing Girls—Gather Outside the Puritanical Cities of M'Zab to Amuse the Men of the Town When They Become Wearied of the Strict Routine Within the Walls.



Although Rain Falls Only at Intervals of Several Years, Ghardaia Boasts a Population of 11,000, Who Obtain Water for Their Crops and Personal Needs by Drilling Deep Wells in the Sahara's Sand.

Ornaments of Gold Are the "Bank Deposits" of the Ouled Nails, and These M'Zab Dancing Girls Are Well on the Way to Affluence.



Life in M'Zab Centers Around the Mosque, a Corner of Which Is Shown, and, as Women Are Not Permitted to Enter, It Makes a Marvelous Loafing Place for the Husbands of the Country.

PARIS, Oct. 1.

THE French are trying to open up closer relations with M'Zab, the strangest and most mysterious land in the world, because they believe it will attract curious tourists and also because France may benefit by increased trade.

M'Zab is in the heart of the Sahara desert five hundred miles south of the French colony of Algiers. It lies in a rocky basin, covered with sand. There are seven towns, the chief of them called Ghardaia. The architecture is very curious, with decorations derived from the ancient Romans, Egyptians, Carthaginians and various forgotten races.

There is practically no natural vegetation in the country and hardly any running water. Yet the inhabitants by digging wells have succeeded in raising 400,000 palm trees and a vast quantity of useful crops.

It will be wondered how wells can be built in the desert and why they are not filled up with sand. It is because they are built down through the rock, while the upper part is protected from the sand by rocks placed around them and over them. Trees planted around them also protect them from blowing sand.

There are no cafes or places of amusement within the walls of the towns. Nobody is allowed to smoke. No music is permitted. There are no stores and there is no shopping, because everything is sold at auction, which is considered the honest way to do it.

The women never leave the country all their lives, but the husbands may go away, because they cannot earn enough at home, but they always return to die and their wives must wait for them.

The reason for the prohibition of music and all amusements is that the M'Zabites belong to the strictest and most puritanical sect of the Mohammedans — the Kharedjite Abadhites. This sect came into existence when they rebelled against the Caliph, third successor of the Prophet, because they held he had not followed the Koran with absolute literalness. They fought with incredible ferocity against all who disagreed with them, but were gradually driven out of Arabia by superior numbers into Africa. As they were driven from place to place the original sect was practically exterminated, but they picked up converts from various tribes of Northern Africa, unhappy remnants of ancient civilized races like the Egyptians and Phenicians.

Finally the gloomy Abadhites found refuge in the land of M'Zab, the hottest and most arid place in the world, because no considerable tribe wanted to live there or pursue them there. With astonishing industry and determination they managed to sustain life in the burning sands by digging wells.

There have been periods of eighteen to twenty years without rain in M'Zab, and often a year passes without it. What little rain does fall comes down all within a week or two and dries up as soon as it has fallen.

An ingenious system of irrigation has been established around the wells which makes the utmost use of all water available. In each garden there are so many wells in proportion to its size. Leading from each there is a sloping path down which a camel walks, pulling a rope. At the other end of the rope there is a skin full of water resting on the surface of the well. When the camel has reached the end of the path the skin comes out of the well and pours the water into channels which carry it over the garden.

They raise vines, melons, tomatoes, pumpkins, dates, pomegranates, figs and peaches, and produce more to the acre than most European farmers.

The average temperature in July is about 104 deg. Fahr. during the day. It is somewhat cooler in Winter, the country being north of the Equator.

Ghardaia, the principal city, has a population of 11,000 and there are about 43,000 people in the whole country. The houses in Ghardaia are built of gray slate, with no windows on the street, giving the place an air of gloomy mystery, which is confirmed by further investigation.

The inhabitants live as close to the mosque as they can, for all life centers there. The Sheikh, corresponding to Mayor, and the Caids, or magistrates, sit there. No woman can go to the mosque until she is forty, and she can then only look in through a slit in the outside.

The government is democratic, as far as the men are concerned. They elect their own rulers. The policemen are volunteers and serve without pay.

Ghardaia is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high and there are forts outside from which the desert can be watched for miles. Every M'Zabite has a rifle, for in their past history they have had to fight continually against the marauding tribes of the desert.

As they trade with strangers these are allowed to have their peculiar amusements, but they are kept outside the walls. Out there are noisy cafes, Moorish baths, houses full of Ouled Nails, or dancing girls, cabarets and other queer places.

The cemeteries are immense in M'Zab, for they have been preserving the remains of their ancestors since the year 1000. All bodies are buried with their heads toward Mecca. People must go from head to foot in passing a tomb, and failure to do this is punished with twenty strokes of the rod. The tombs are cut in the rock, flat stones being placed around and over the body, which is quickly mummified by the dry air to which it is exposed.

The tomb is furnished with a collection of pots—a survival from an older religion which provided for the life of the dead. But the pots are cracked so that they may not be used by wandering savages. The friends of the dead come at certain periods to feast, bringing their pots with them. The widows, if they are of mature age, spend many days alone in their husbands' tombs.

At the beginning of December there is a series of conventions in the cemeteries. All holy anniversaries are celebrated there. On the anniversary of Sidna Aissa, one of their great saints, they sacrifice fifteen camels, which represents a large outlay.

When a woman goes out on the street, which she does not do ordinarily, she must be covered up with a heavy woolen cloak called a "haik." To enable her to see, this has a hole cut in it, but it is so tiny that she has to maneuver the cloak around and press it against her eye to get clear sight of anything.

The man does all the outdoor work, the woman all the indoor work. As laundry is an outdoor job among them, it falls to the men. The people live in the cities in Winter and in the oases in Summer.

Justice is severely administered, and the punishment for murder is to be flogged indefinitely, until the prisoner is dead or the family of the victim accepts compensation — "the price of blood."

There are no paupers in a M'Zabite city. Every quarter supports those in need and takes care that they work. All lost objects are returned to a certain door.

The first room in the M'Zabite city house is for the female slaves. Beyond this is a courtyard surrounded by rooms where the women of the family live. Here is the family bathroom, not at all like an American bathroom. The man takes his baths outside the mosque. Upstairs the master lives by himself. Before he comes down he warns the family that he is coming. There is a place on the roof where the women can air themselves, and no man ever uses this because he might see the woman next door.

The doorkey of a house is used by the master only and is so large that it can be used as a deadly weapon. The beds are of stone covered with mats. The M'Zabites eat three meals a day, the principal foods being sour milk and couscous, a compound of pounded dates, flour and butter. Occasionally they have goat, donkey or camel meat. All these animals live in the house, the camel showing cleverness in adapting himself to the low ceilings.

So puritanical are the M'Zabites they consider it wrong to look for beauty in a wife. Health and strength are more important considerations. When a woman's first child is born her mother and relatives may assist, but at subsequent births it is a matter of pride with her to be left alone. She rubs the baby with saliva and cummin to keep away the "djinns" (evil spirits). On the second day she gives him a drink of water in which a paper bearing verses from the Koran has been soaked.

An elaborate ceremonial is kept up for days, the fourth day being one of great danger when the baby must be protected by powders against hoot owls, which are the most malignant djinns. The sons often go out of the country with their fathers, and the mothers pass most of their lives without seeing their sons.

A personage who exercises the greatest influence in the lives of the women is known as Mamma Sliman, the Chief Washer of the Dead. Her title "Mamma" does not mean mother, but is a corruption of the name Fatima. She advises women in all the problems of life, tells them how they can in certain extraordinary circumstances get freedom from their husbands, and so forth. Her duties as Washer of the Dead give her power to keep people out of heaven.

A M'Zab girl gets married when a man is willing to pay her father enough for her. The price of a camel is a handsome payment for a wife, but a donkey's value is usually considered sufficient.

A woman paints her face with three substances—kohl for the eyes, "Tekhaya" for the eyebrows, nose and cheeks and saffron for the forehead. She adds tar to keep away serpents. As perfumes she has the choice of saffron, clove, rose and various patchouli blends. She must stick to the same perfume all her life, so that her husband may recognize her when he returns after years.

While all is silence and gloom on the surface in M'Zab, intrigue and fantastic ceremonies are going on beneath it. Puritanism has made the people turn for relief to secret and demoralizing magic. Unscrupulous magicians have acquired great power in M'Zab, in spite of the injunctions of the Koran, and women often resort to them secretly.

The magician on taking up his avocation loses his religion and is doomed to go to hell, but he commands the passions of love and hate and can sell them to others at a high price. They say also that he can change himself or others into hyenas or other animals, or can make cucumbers and vines grow in an hour where there was nothing before.

He is credited with power to produce death or sickness in many ways. He sticks pins in a wax doll to cause sickness in the person it represents. He undertakes to show a girl her future husband in a mirror by incantations—lawfully she has no right to see her husband before she marries.

Witches prepare the most repulsive charms by going to the cemeteries, securing the forearm and hand of a dead man and mixing a couscous with it. They feed this to their husbands, who are then obliged to do everything their wives wish.

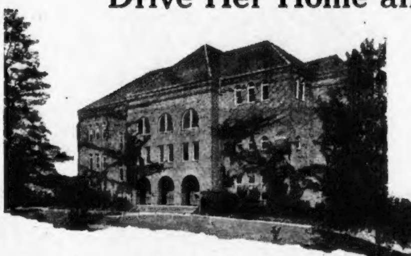
Mlle. Goichon, a Frenchwoman, has compiled a list of the charms used by the M'Zab women, and they almost defy belief. To cause dissension in another family the M'Zab woman sends a cake containing seven red beetles, a cat's whiskers, a mouse killed on Sunday, a scorpion's claws and a piece of a dead man's shroud.

The witches pretend to catch the moon's rays in a bowl and with it make a paste which has power to excite love. The traffickers in the supernatural are constantly resorting to the cemeteries at night to hold their strange ceremonies and to obtain dead men's bones for use in their repulsive charms.

The M'Zabite lives in constant terror of djinns and magic. He says "Bismillah" (name of Allah) every time he enters a room or goes out, in order to ward off evil, but this seldom satisfies him and he must have magic charms to protect himself. Although M'Zab is prosperous and industrious, it is a nightmare country.

Murdered For Her First Folly

Mystery of the Death of Faye New, Popular Howard College Senior, Who After Nineteen Blameless Years Let a Stranger Drive Her Home and Was Found in a Lonely Wood, Throat Pierced and "Drowned" By Her Own Blood



Howard College, a Historic Landmark of Birmingham, Alabama, Where Faye Was a Senior.

A HERO always turned up just in time to save the innocent heroine from death in defense of her honor—that is, in the good old melodramas. Also, if one of the truly good characters carelessly committed even the most trivial folly, there were alarming consequences. Was this true to life?

Sneering cynics used to ask what would have happened if the hero had been a few minutes late. Would she really have preferred death to dishonor? That question has just been answered in real life.

Mr. A. B. Cain, worthy, honest young man of Birmingham, Ala., had all the qualifications for playing one of those rescuing hero roles, except that he was just a little lacking in persistence. Mr. Cain felt that the girl he loved was in danger, he set out valiantly on the villain's trail but, at the last moment, overwhelmed by jealousy and bitterness, instead of making the rescue, he decided to go home and mind his business. And what happened?

The heroine, Faye New, nineteen-year-old co-ed of Howard College, Birmingham, rose to the tragic occasión. She did exactly what the authors of those old melodramas wanted their audience to believe she would have done, had the hero failed her as this one failed. She fought and died defending her honor.

The other disastrous and confusing results caused by that one error of the hero, seem further to prove that the formula of the melodramatists is still true to life. The police, nonplussed at Cain's behavior, so bungled the investigation that the murder trial has just left the crime a complete mystery. It presented the extraordinary spectacle of the defense accusing the near hero of the deed and the prosecution, forced to defend him in their unsuccessful attempt to convict the supposed villain.

The pathetic end of the brave little co-ed who, according to the autopsy, drowned on dry land and drowned by her own blood, also answered that other question. Though thoroughly bad men and women seem to be able to "get away" with most anything, if a really good person stoops to the smallest folly, anything from disgrace to death is likely to follow.

Had Faye been the "smart Alice, bad-and-glad-of-it" type of flapper, she would have come through the experience, alive and unruffled, that is if she preferred to be unruffled. That this is not theory but fact was proved during the trial.

But Faye was the kind who could only die in defense of her honor. She was not only good but intelligent enough to stand high in her classes at the little Baptist college. Yet, this good and intelligent girl made the rash and stupid mistake of going for a ride with a man of whom she knew nothing and had met only a few hours before and she paid for it with her life.

Other good people paid, too. The girl's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lon New, of Birmingham, had sold their house and put their life savings into educating their only daughter. Now death has foreclosed its mortgage on their only asset.

The college faculty, parents, friends, everyone agree that Faye was not only thoroughly good but, up to that fatal August 20, she seems to have been as prudent and cautious as anyone could ask a girl to be.

Early that evening Fay had started off right by going for a ride with Mrs. Homer Reaves, a neighbor, old friend of the family and woman of spotless character. Fate led them along a road toward the filling station operated by Cain, the hero of the tragedy. Cain had begged Faye to marry him but the girl had declined even to be definitely engaged. Her parents were investing everything they had in her education, so she must forget marriage and romance until she had finished college and earned enough to support them. Mr. New, a railroad conductor, had recently been retired on account of a paralytic stroke.

As the car rolled rapidly toward the hero's station, all Fate had to do to bring the hero and heroine together again was to cause a flat tire. A tire did go flat, but about five minutes too early. Thus it happened that when Faye got out and went for assistance she went, not to Cain's station, but the one just before it. At this station was a girl Faye knew, talking to a smiling, husky youth. The young man on introduction proved to be Harold Taylor, son of a former comptroller of the city. Harold gallantly insisted on driving Faye back to the stranded car where he removed the tire and took it to the station for repairs, of course taking Faye with him.

After they had been gone much longer than necessary, Mrs. Reaves walked to the station, learned that the pair had gone for a drive and that by some mistake the tire remained unfixed. Mrs. Reaves telephoned to Cain, who responded with the prompt efficiency one expects from a hero. He repaired the tire and had just replaced it on the car when Taylor and Faye drove up.

Cain, the hero, did not like Taylor's looks, suspected he was the villain in his romance and would bear watching, but he had to go back to his station. Heroes usually have the handicap of responsibilities while villains do not. Taylor followed the Reaves car to the Reaves home where he invited both ladies to go for a ride. The older woman declined because she did not know the young man and went into the house, supposing that the ever-proper Faye would soon follow.

Miss Faye New, the 19-Year-Old Howard College Senior, Whose Murder Following Her First Unconventional Ride Is Still a Mystery.

For once in her short life Faye took a chance and did what she had often been told was the smart thing, let a man she knew nothing about drive her home.

It was not villainous that he took a circuitous route and brought the girl a soda on the way, but Cain, with commendable intuition and efficiency, closed his station, discovered their trail and followed them. He saw them get a soda at the barbecue stand and, unseen, rolled slowly after them, ready to be on hand if something should happen. He was still watching when the car was parked at a lonely spot on the Georgia Road and things were all ready to happen. It was his cue to double up his fists and march into the scene.

But on his long ride he tried to reason as he thought the girl in the car ahead must be reasoning, a task older and wiser men rarely attempt with success and, at that crucial moment he came to a fatal decision. It must be that his sweetheart had "gone modern," that she had suddenly changed or that he had always misunderstood her. Otherwise why should she sit in that parked car with a strange man in such a place? If he tried to rescue her, instead of being a hero, he would make an ass of himself as a "snooper." Sick with jealousy and distress, he backed around and drove home.

At five the next morning, Faye's mother looked into her daughter's room and found an empty bed. She telephoned Mrs. Reaves, who put the finger of suspicion on Taylor, and then found where he lived. Taylor appeared genuinely alarmed at the news and told what seemed to the mother and later to the police a straightforward story, though not one to be proud of.

He amplified when placed upon the stand to testify in defense of his own life. He had stopped at a lonely spot beside the woods, he said, "and had gotten rough with her."

He continued: "She opened the door and prepared to jump out. I realized I had done the wrong thing and started talking fast and urging her to stay in the car. She said, 'I won't get back,' and jumped out."

He started to go after her and saw her running through the trees. He said: "Then I called to her loudly and shouted, 'Faye, please come back to the car and I'll go right back to town with you.' I called to her several times but she did not answer. I turned my car around and tried to play the headlights in the direction she ran but I could not see her. I shouted that although I did not want to go back without her, I would have to unless she returned. When she did not appear I drove on home."

Next morning Taylor drove Mrs. New and Mrs. Reaves to the spot where he says Faye left him and the three made a thorough search of the nearby wooded section, but discovered no traces of the missing girl.

It was then that Mrs. New reported the disappearance to police and a quickly assembled body of Boy Scouts, policemen and volunteer searchers began the hunt during which time close to 500 people scoured the nearby territory in quest of clues that might lead to the finding of the body, or Faye's whereabouts.

Mrs. New still maintained a faint hope for thirty-six hours, and then she saw the wind blow the girl's picture from a desk upon the floor.

"That settles it!" cried the mother. "Faye is dead."

And an hour later the body of the girl who had always been good was found. For twenty-four hours the small army of men and boys had been hunting in vain where Taylor had told them to hunt. Then they decided to cross the road and hunt where he hadn't told them to. Soon they found footprints of a man and a woman.

Losing and recovering the trail many times, they picked up a woman's garter in a cornfield and a few minutes later came a shout from a ravine. There she lay in her navy blue dress now soaked in rain as well as blood. She had bled to death from two gashes in her throat. None of her clothing was disarrayed or missing, except the garter picked up in the field. This and other facts established at the autopsy made it clear that she had been murdered without any preliminary attack, except bruises on the throat, indicating an attempt at strangulation.

Taylor, admittedly the last known person to have seen the girl alive, was held for rigorous questioning, but Cain was put through the same process. Everyone knew that he was deeply in love with Faye and he frankly admitted that on the night of the murder, he had been beside himself with jealousy. A jealous person may do almost anything and it seemed to the detectives that perhaps instead of going home, after giving up at the last moment, Cain had kept on, followed the girl into the woods, quarreled with her over Taylor and killed her. To make things worse a penknife such as might have made those throat gashes, was found on him and showed traces of blood stains.

The way the body lay with eyes open was such a shocking and accusing sight that it might well make a murderer confess. The authorities, with this in view, marched Taylor to the scene. With eyes staring vacantly ahead, the prisoner was about to pass the body either pretending, or in fact, not seeing it.

"Look down!" a voice commanded and Taylor looked right into those accusing, dead eyes. The sight visibly rocked him. He shuddered and staggered.

"Why did you kill her?" demanded a stern voice but the shocked man broke into vehement denials.

As soon as Taylor had been led away, Cain was put through the same ordeal. His jaw dropped at sight of the girl he loved and when asked why he had killed her his answer was to fall in a faint.

Taylor interrupted the flow of questions by asking:

"Why don't you compare the murderer's footprints with my shoes?"

They lost no time in borrowing the shoes from the prisoner's feet and making the comparison. They say that the shoes taken from Taylor's own feet proved a perfect and indisputable match for those prints even to the small stitchmarking in the soles. It was so convincing that they at once released Cain and held Taylor without bail.

But the police turned up at the trial without casts, photographs or even measurements of the footprints, a piece of amazing carelessness of which the defense took full advantage. And though the prosecuting attorney dramatically accused the prisoner of listening while the girl's lungs filled with blood from his knife wounds and she drowned in her own blood, the jury's verdict was "not guilty."

Taylor, Accused of Faye's Death, Testified That as She Jumped From the Car and Ran Into the Woods to Escape His "Rough Handling," He Called to Her to Come Back, but She Would Not, and Disappeared Among the Trees—And What Sinister Shape Was It That, Lurking There Precisely at That Time, Seized Her and Slew Her?

Harold Taylor, the Man With Whom Faye Took the Death Ride, Who Was Acquitted by a Jury of Causing Her Death. He Is Shown in His Cell While the Indictment for Murder Is Being Read to Him.

A. B. Cain, Who Loved Faye, Followed Her on Her Ride, but Turned Back Too Soon. He Is Shown in Collapse After Being Forced to Look Upon Her Body.

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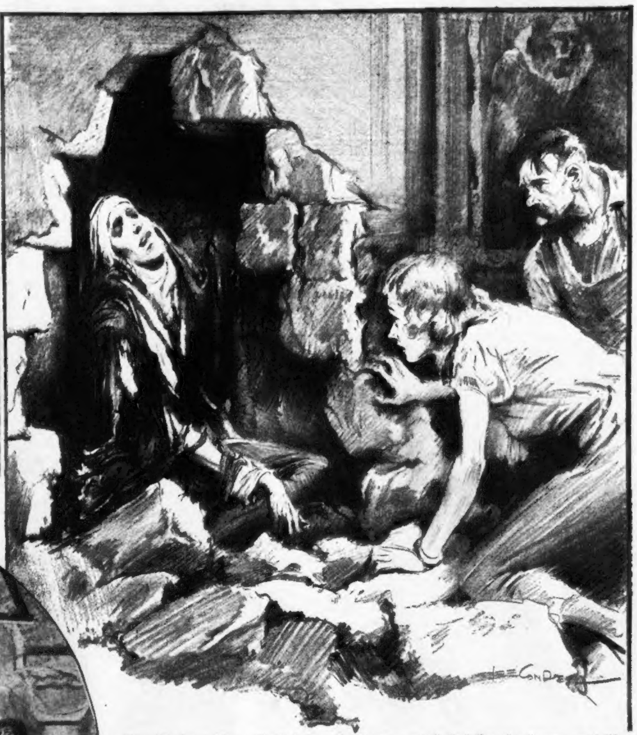
Mystery of the Walled-Up Nun of Monkton Priory

The Reverend Mr. Evans Tells of the Ghostly Knockings, the Cowled Spectre Pacing Sadly Through the Halls and the Centuries-Old Body of a Woman Who Had Been Entombed Alive



The Workman Drove His Pick Into the Mortar and Pulled Out the Stones—and There Was the Body of a Woman, the Mouldering Vestments of a Nun Still Around Her. Her Attitude Showed That She Had Been Alive When Placed in the Niche and the Stones Sealed Around Her. Had the Mystery of the Sorrowful Ghost of Monkton Priory Been Solved at Last?

Photo Publishers' Photo Service, N.Y.

Picturesque Pembroke Castle, Between Which and Monkton Priory Church a Mysterious, Ancient Secret Passage Leads.

MONKTON, Wales, October 1.

THE best authenticated ghost story of modern times is perhaps that of the walled-up nun of Monkton Priory Church, just reported. The discovery was actually made in the Old Hall, which was formerly part of the Priory, an establishment of monks or nuns. Portions of the Old Hall are more than 1,000 years old.

The Rev. Tudor Evans, the present Vicar of Monkton, who has lived in the Old Hall, declares that he and his family have repeatedly seen in the middle of the night the apparition of a cowled nun sadly pacing the stone corridor. Mr. Evans is a clergyman of the highest standing, a scholar and a man of intelligence. Nobody would think of questioning the truthfulness of his statements.

Not unnaturally, Mr. Evans associates the apparitions with the recent discovery of a nun's body immured in the thick walls of the Priory. It is supposed with considerable reason that she was punished in this cruel manner for some grave offence like Constance de Beverley in Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion." Constance is said to have been a nun who was lured by Lord Marmion, a gallant soldier but very wicked man, to escape from her convent and break her vows. She followed him to the wars dressed in man's clothing, but was betrayed to the convent authorities who put her to death in the manner described.

Sir Walter Scott had some documentary evidence for this episode. Various offences against morality and religion were undoubtedly punished with merciless severity in medieval times, the authorities believing that such severity was necessary to save human souls. It would not be fair to judge the harshness of those times by the standards of the present day.

The Vicar of Monkton described to The American Weekly correspondent how he saw the ghostly nun and how certain he was of the genuineness of the apparition and that it was no hallucination.

"I and my family," he said, "had to live for a while in the Old Hall, which we believe to be part of the old Priory. Some of the rooms had been cells, and there is a large groined crypt under it.

"I heard a heavy knocking on my bedroom door regularly at four o'clock every morning. The knocking was never traced to any normal cause.

"There was one room into which the dog refused to go.

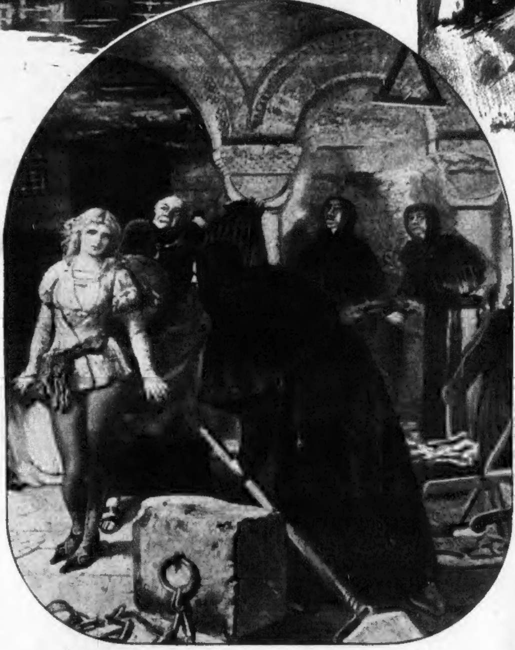
"One day my daughter saw a glow in this room and the distinctly outlined head and shoulders of what looked like a cowled figure leaning out of the window and gesticulating at her.

"One friend of ours who slept in the 'queer' room heard rustling of garments round his bed all night, and when he tried to light candles they mysteriously went out.

"The discovery of the kneeling body of a woman, walled up in the Priests' Room of Monkton Church, was the climax of many strange experiences connected with this group of buildings. A workman, engaged in reconstruction, drove his pick in a wall. It crumbled, and as the stones fell, there in a niche was the body of a woman, the mouldering vestments of a nun still around her. Her attitude showed she had been placed there while still alive."

It is said that the Vicar's daughter was present when this happened.

"One day a tall young man, who said his name was Nordin, a medical student from Stockholm, approached me," said the Vicar. "He told me that more than 1,000 years ago his Viking ancestors came to Monkton.



The Entombment of Constance de Beverley, From Sir Walter Scott's Famous Poem "Marmion."

"When I took him to the top of the church tower he pointed out to me places where, he said, he 'remembered' there used to be walls.

"We investigated and found, for the first time, that there certainly had been walls where he said.

"He recognized the Old Hall at once, told me where and how it had been altered—all quite accurately. In the old days, he said, it was a nunnery.

"I believe," the Vicar went on, "that the walled-up woman was a nun who committed some sin that keeps her spirit earthbound.

"It was perhaps her task to wake the other nuns for a four o'clock service...and I believe she still does it and will do so until in some way her spirit is exorcised.

"Nordin related his history to me in detail, and it is, indeed, a remarkable one. As a mere boy, he said, he always found the word 'Monkton' recurring in his mind, and strange events, apparently of long ago, were projected into his consciousness. He had at that time never left Sweden and could have had no direct knowledge of Monkton. He was convinced that the past was being reincarnated in him, and he resolved to find out what, or where, 'Monkton' was.

"Then, one day, in a big Berlin library, he made the discovery that Monkton was an ancient village, near Pembroke, South Wales, and that a nunnery once existed there. At the first opportunity he visited England, and on landing took the train for Pembroke.

"As soon as he arrived in Pembroke, Nordin knew that his search was ended. He walked from the railway station straight to Monkton, asking nobody the way, and he knew that he was in the place where he had lived 1,000 years ago. He had saved up for years to visit this place he knew so well from memories 1,000 years old.

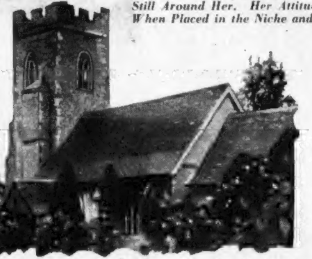
"It is a fact well-known to historians that many of the people in Monkton and this part of Wales are of Viking descent, having settled here during the raids they made upon the coasts of Northern Europe two to three centuries before the Norman Conquest. Wales was then a more civilized country and had more Christian churches than most Northern European lands."

The body recently discovered in the Old Hall was returned to its place with prayers that its soul might find rest.

The place where the immured nun was found was in the wall of what is known as the Priests' Room, communicating with the Church. It was perhaps in old times the room where the Prior sat in judgment.

In such establishments there was sometimes a monastery for men and a convent for women connected with the same Church, the two departments being separated by thick walls and subject to rigid supervision. The Prior had paramount authority over the entire establishment, while the Mother Superior exercised her powers within the nunnery.

Monkton Priory was a much larger place in ancient times than today, many of the buildings having fallen to ruin. The Old Hall, once part of the Priory, has an antiquity unusual even among the ancient church buildings of Great Britain. Its foundations were laid over 1,000 years ago, considerably before the Norman Conquest of England.



Borley Rectory, Scene of Other Mysterious Sounds and Sights Which Seem to Be Linked With the Legend of a Body Walled Up Within It.

The Old Hall and the Church stand on a high hill overlooking Pembroke's famous old castle built by the Norman invaders. The village of Monkton derives its name from the tonsured priests, who countless years ago trod the gloomy corridors of the Old Hall. When Pembroke Castle was built, long ago as that was, the Priory was said to be already ancient.

The body of the nun was found during some restoration work undertaken to make the place more suitable for modern religious ceremonies and comfortable for the clergyman. As a workman drove his pick deep into the mortar and pulled out a block of stonework, he and others were astonished to see the body of a woman. She was on her knees as if praying for mercy or forgiveness for her sins.

Her attitude was the principal proof that she had been buried alive, and not simply interred in the wall after death, as was frequently done. In the latter case she would almost certainly have been in a coffin and wrapped in the customary death garments. The body was so thoroughly enclosed in stones and mortar that it was hermetically sealed up and preserved to a surprising degree. The body was mummified and the coarse nun's garb remained in good condition.

This discovery and the apparition are believed by some people to be connected with another story similar to Scott's "Marmion," the sad legend of the Lady Elaine, the lovely orphan heiress of the Lord of Penatly. She was beloved by Oswald, the younger brother of the Lord of Pembroke, who was of Viking descent.

The heartless older brother planned to marry Elaine so that he could add her land to his own. He sent his brother away to fight for the Prince of Glamorgan against the King of Cornwall, and after a suitable time told her that Oswald had been killed.

The Lord of Pembroke then pressed his suit mercilessly for Elaine's hand. Fearing that she would be forced to yield to the wicked Baron, she sought sanctuary at the Priory of Monkton, the only refuge for an oppressed woman in that age. After a time, seeing no hope for help, she became a nun, taking the most solemn vows to remain cloistered until death.

Then young Oswald came back sound and healthy from the war and found means of communicating with his former sweetheart. The older brother learned of this and warned the Prior of the offence and further told the ecclesiastic that Elaine had taken her vows with false intentions in her heart, which was in itself a deadly sin of the worst kind on her part.

The wicked Lord attempted to seize his younger brother, but he was hidden in the hills by a faithful servant. He still contrived to see his sweetheart. A reckless spirit without regard for the laws of God or man, he persuaded her that their only hope of happiness was to flee together beyond the seas. But they had no money, no resources of any kind, and they needed considerable for their flight.

Poor Elaine was induced by her lover to steal the golden vessels of the Church. The guilty couple then made their escape in the night, bought a small ship and set out for France, which meant a great journey in those days. But the ship ran into a storm and was driven back on the Welsh coast, not far from Pembroke. Both were caught by the cruel brother's soldiers. Elaine was handed over to the Prior of Monkton, and Oswald was shut up in a cell by his brother, never to be seen alive again.

Mystic would say that the Vicar's Nordin was Oswald, and the walled-up nun the unhappy Elaine.

Strange to say, this is not the only startling discovery of a mysterious woman's body made in connection with this ancient Church. A few years ago workmen engaged in repairs opened a wall of the Church and discovered a very old coffin. When they touched the wood, it fell to pieces, and they were astonished to see a cascade of beautiful golden hair spurt out of the coffin.

Judging from the hair the remains were those of a beautiful young woman. In this case there was no reason to believe that she was buried alive, as she was in a coffin.

Another legend of a walled-up nun has been heard in connection with Borley Rectory, an ancient church in Suffolk, England, where many ghostly phenomena, such as strange tappings, peculiar lights and other apparition have been reported. However, the body of the nun has never been discovered, as was the case at Monkton.

The Old Hall has been the subject of many ghost tales besides those mentioned here.

One legend says that after Oliver Cromwell stormed Pembroke Castle and hanged the Mayor of the town in 1647, some of his soldiers were billeted in the Old Hall. But the Puritan warriors had their rest disturbed by ghostly forms of cowled monks, and as they had done much damage to church buildings and committed other questionable acts, they felt afraid of the spirits and fled into the open.

Somewhere in the recesses of the ivy-clad Hall is the entrance to an underground passage leading to Pembroke Castle. How this was intended to be used is also a mystery.

The foundations of the Old Hall go back to pre-Norman and pre-Saxon Britain, to the days of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere and the pure Galahad and the false Sir Lancelot, to Uther Pendragon and Tristan and Isolde. Outside the building there is a burial ground of immeasurable antiquity containing a great number of burial mounds bearing no tombstones or monuments.

Canon Bowen, recently deceased, who lived in the Old Hall many years, said gravely he had had some strange experiences there, but would rather not speak about them.

The age-old walls, gloomy passages and queer cells, with their arches and niched walls, speak eloquently of the past. Only the other day, at the back of the old garden of the Hall, two windowless rooms were discovered below ground level.

Just what purpose they served is unknown. Were they places of penance and punishment for the monks or nuns who once led their hard lives of self-denial and sacrifice here?

All those who admit the possibility of supernormal psychic occurrences believe that they would be most likely to happen in such places as these, which have been influenced by so much tragedy and suffering and prayer.

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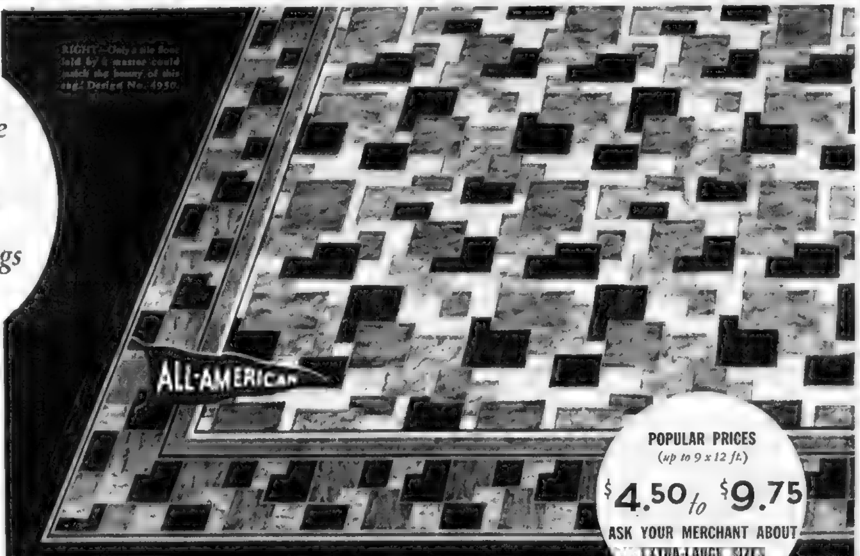

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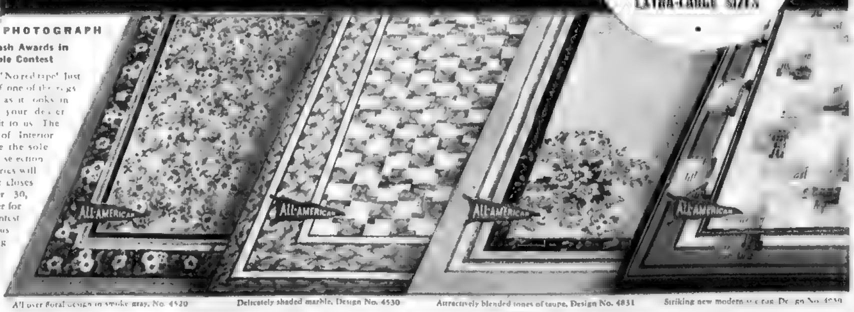

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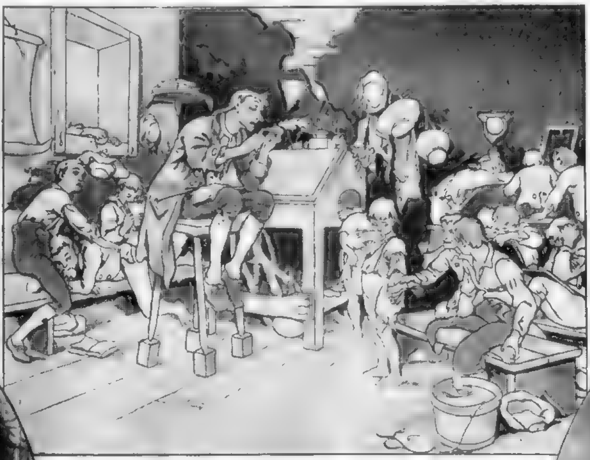
The Growing Menace of the Educated Fool

Thoughtful Persons Beginning to Wonder What Is Wrong With the Present Educational System Which Is Producing an Increasing Number of Scholarly But Dangerous Simpletons



Ichabod Crane, the Witless Schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow, Pictured in His Schoolroom in the Old Print Above, Was Merely a Satirical Creature of Washington Irving's Brain But Today It Is Realized That Many Educated Dunces Similar to the Foolish Ichabod Actually Exist.

Police and Court Records Show Many of the Worst Crimes Are Committed by Men and Women Holding University Degrees Who Think Themselves "Above the Law"

This "Brilliant" Woman Physician, Dr. Virginia Wilson, Who Was Also a University Psychologist, Stabbed and Killed an Unoffending Woman and Wounded Still Another in an Outburst of Rage.

Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, Wealthy Chicago Youths, Shown Here with Their Attorney, Clarence Darrow, Committed One of the Most Terrible Crimes on Record, the Kidnaping and Murder of Little Bobby Franks. Yet Both Were Taking Courses at the University of Chicago and Were Considered Brilliant Students.

In Greenwood, Miss., Sarah Ruth Dean, Graduate of Medical College and a Practicing Woman Physician, Has Been Convicted of Poisoning the Man She Loved—All Her Education Could not Keep Her From Murder.

"A CRIME is something somebody else doesn't want you to do. It is relative. It's just an opinion. I have always felt that all I do is right. These man-made laws don't appeal to me."

These statements were made by Abraham Faber, during a recent murder trial at Dedham, Mass. Faber's lawyers were trying to show that their client was insane but all they proved was that he was a fool who thought it all right to commit a series of crimes including murder, provided they were done unselfishly, as a favor to his friend Murton Millen.

That these were not mere words put into his mouth by an ingenious lawyer but the genuine stupid thoughts of a stupid fellow, was evidenced by Faber's talk and behavior before the trial.

Yet this same moron had passed satisfactorily certain college engineering courses which are considered among the hardest in the American educational field.

Faber is what is known as an educated fool.

The world is filling up with such people, presenting an entirely new problem in the history of civilization and perhaps one of the most dangerous. Fifty years ago nobody dreamed that such a thing could happen because nobody supposed that a fool could be educated and remain a fool. When Washington Irving wrote his story of the witless Ichabod Crane, schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow, it was intended as a satire. No one thought that a scholar could really be a fool. But today it is realized that some of the most educated men and women are as great dunces as was poor Ichabod. Our ancestors founded the American school and college system because of an almost passionate belief that if everyone could be educated everyone would vote and live wisely and most of the world's troubles would disappear.

Nothing could be further from the facts, as most everyone has had plenty of chances to see for himself. The "thrill murder" of Bobby Franks by two other highly educated students, Leopold and Loeb, still is remembered in Illinois, in the prison of which State both murderers still are confined. Only a few days ago news came from this prison that Loeb had been made chief of the "university" which convicts run for education and self-improvement inside the prison walls. Evidently the education which young Loeb acquired before his crime still is in working order and of value to his fellow prisoners, if not to himself and to Leopold, but probably not even those fellow prisoners would deny that Leopold and Loeb, for all their education, were nothing but fools.

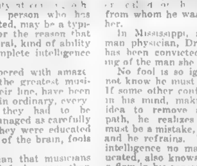
Had this pair remained ignorant, they would have known they were ignorant and that if they committed a murder they would bungle it and get caught. But they had studied and learned just enough to misunderstand life entirely, and as a result three families have been wrecked and they are in prison, helping "educate" other fools.

Everybody knows at least a few of these individuals. There is the boy who took all the prizes in primary school and high school, came home from college with three or four degrees and a dozen different kinds of honors—and then proved good for nothing except a job as a third-class timekeeper in a factory. There is the girl who made a brilliant record in the local schools and in a fashionable finishing school, went to Europe for a year and had all kinds of advantages; but proved unable to run a household or train a family and gradually became known as one of the community's "nuts."

So common are such instances that ordinary people are beginning to question the value of education. The hopeful sign is that educators themselves are beginning to agree that there is something wrong with schools and colleges which turn out such numbers of educated fools; at the same time, of course, that they turn out many educated men and women who are not fools at all but are highly competent. And there are signs that colleges and high schools are going to do something about it.

Any person, with good hard-headed common sense who knows one of these educated fools, knows better than to take his advice even on the subject that is his specialty. Even if a fool is educated his advice is still a fool's advice. Far safer is the counsel of a man or woman who has never gone to school, yet possesses that faculty of good judgment, known as "horse sense." Such a person, in the presence of the educated fool, is silent, overwhelmed by the fool's flood of words which neither of them understands. The illiterate but intelligent person is not really uneducated in the most valuable sense because he has learned something that the fool can never know, where to go for sound advice and how to see into his problem after he has been advised.

The famous British psychologist, Professor Charles E. Spearman, has formulated a theory now largely accepted, which separates intelligence into at least two constituents. One of these is some individual skill or competence, such as reading Latin or writing on a typewriter. The other is a kind of general intelligence which gives its possessor the ability to acquire new special skills and to have good judgment of what he sees, hears, does, and so on.



Abe Faber, an Honor Student at a Technical University, Who Took Up Killing and Bank Robbery as a Sideline, Stated in Court That Laws Were Made for the Masses and Not for "Educated, Intelligent Men Like Me."

Most people have greater or lesser amounts of both of these constituents of intelligence; some more, some less. If a person has plenty of both kinds, he is generally intelligent whether educated or not. Usually, he will manage to get educated. It is possible, however, to have little general intelligence but enough of the kind of ability which acquires special skills to become educated. All that one needs is a good memory, a good ability at [illegible] ers and so on. A person who has those and gets educated, may be a typical educated fool for the reason that the other, more general, kind of ability which makes for complete intelligence is weak or lacking.

It has been whispered with amazement that some of the greatest musicians, geniuses in their line, have been such mental infants in ordinary, everyday matters that they had to be watched over and managed as carefully as a small child. They were educated in one compartment of the brain, fools in all others.

This does not mean that musicians tend to be educated fools, more than others, as proved by Jan Ignace Paderewski, one of the greatest pianists and composers who, in his old age, revealed his equally great general intelligence and grasp of world affairs by taking charge of Poland's tangled politics, after the World War.

The philosopher Schopenhauer said, "Arithmetic is the lowest of all mental activities." This statement has been confirmed by a series of mental arithmetic prodigies who can add, multiply, divide and do other tricks with huge figures in their heads. But that is just about all their heads are good for.

Last year, Dr. Virginia Wilson of San Diego, California, a highly educated woman physician, former professor of psychology and former medical superintendent of public schools, stabbed with a butcher knife two entirely inoffensive women with whom she was staying in the California city. In 1932 a highly educated professor at the University of Vienna, Austria, tried to shoot his life-long professional rival and enemy, Dr. Othenio Abel, Rector of the University. Only a few weeks ago a highly educated young man of a wealthy family in Los Angeles hacked to death with an axe his sleeping mother and brother. In New York City a professional lecturer on psychology and vocational advice took his pistol and a butcher's cleaver, called on his school teacher wife from whom he was estranged and shot her.

In Mississippi, a well-educated woman physician, Dr. Sarah Ruth Dean, has been convicted of the poison killing of the man she is said to have loved.

No fool is so ignorant that he does not know he must not commit murder. If some other conflicting notion arises in his mind, making it seem a good idea to remove somebody from his path, he realizes usually that there must be a mistake, due to his ignorance and he refrains. The man of general intelligence no matter how highly educated, also knows that there must be a flaw in his reasoning and, when similarly tempted, refrains.

But Faber, learned fool that he was, had read enough on the virtue of loyalty to a friend, that one's conscience should be his guide, that the motive is the only thing that counts and such other strictly limited principles, that he got a muddle-headed notion that they justified robbing banks and murdering policemen. However, these startling cases of violence are not what makes the educated fool a serious menace to civilization. He is most deadly as a law-abiding citizen.

The ingenious guesses and explorations of Dr. Freud, pioneering in a new field of psychology have been of great value in getting other psychologists out of their rut. They were seized upon by educated literary fools and then educated fool wives, readers of their learned-sounding words about suppressed desires and self-expression, got the impression that Freud was advising them to be untrue to their husbands with any and every man they happened to fancy.

Even worse, educated moron mothers thought Freud was urging them to neglect their children, letting them run wild as little undisciplined savages, a curse to their neighbors and future candidates for prison. Yet when these notions were repeated to mothers who were no fools though uneducated, their common sense told them that either Freud had said nothing of the kind or he was wrong. But the fool, educated or not, lacks common sense.

President A. O. Bowden of New Mexico State Teachers College sent out a questionnaire to test beliefs and mental habits of the educated classes. In nearly all instances these educated persons still possessed almost as firm beliefs in many superstitions and other delusions as is true of people who have had no educational "advantages." It does not follow that all of the people to whom President Bowden sent his questionnaire were fools, in any sense of that highly variable word. What does follow is that education succeeded but little if at all in changing the assorted foolishnesses which these people already possessed. If a person is just naturally sensible, he or she remains so after being "educated." But if that same person is naturally foolish the education seems to make no change in this state of affairs. Another educated fool results. Or so President Bowden's tests would suggest.

Shortly after President Bowden's experiment, a similar series of questionnaires was circulated among New York City college students by Professors Otis W. Caldwell and Gerhard E. Lundgren of Columbia University. Their results, also presented last year in this magazine, agreed with those of President Bowden in indicating that among these students, all of them high school graduates and many of them still more highly educated, many believed in such exploded delusions as the ability to foretell the future from the stars, the indication of character by the shape of the jaw or the color of the hair, and so on.

Even in so simple a matter as knowledge of the meanings of words, the distinguished American educator, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, head of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, discovered two years ago that the average graduate of American colleges knew the meaning of less than two-thirds of ordinary English words known and used by well-educated persons. In still another inquiry, Professor Frances Scott of Smith College discovered that the majority of girl graduates of that and other women's schools were almost completely ignorant of the simplest and most fundamental rules of health, although the vast majority of these young women had gone through courses in physiology and hygiene in high school and sometimes in college as well.

Prof. John Dewey, of Columbia University, told the White House Conference on Child Health held two years ago in Chicago that the high percentage of foolish and credulous people in the community is probably the greatest danger that threatens good government and prosperity in America; this in spite of the fact that a large majority of these Americans have had some education in public schools, high schools or colleges. Dr. A. F. Hurst, told the British Association for the Advancement of Science last year that a general deterioration of intelligence is in progress all over the world, in spite of the parallel existence all over the world of a general increase in education. The problem of the educated fool is by no means confined to America.

Another evidence of this is the persistence of belief in astrology, palmistry, fortune telling by spiritualism and thousands of similar fakes and foolishnesses. Medical authorities insist that more forms of quackery exist today than ever before in the world's history, and that they are more profitable. Americans are believed to spend several times more money each year on patent medicines than on legitimate and useful medical care; most of the patent medicines being nothing but slightly medicated water costing a few cents and selling for as many dollars.

Serious-minded scientists some time ago announced that people would be healthier with less clothing and more sun and air on the skin. Educated fools throwing together learned-sounding college words made other educated fools believe that going naked in the sun would cure anything. Another group of educated dumb-bells announced that wearing clothes in the presence of the opposite sex was "prudery." This combination gave every nasty-minded person an excuse to parade his or her indecency at those paradises for educated nit-wits, the nudist colonies.

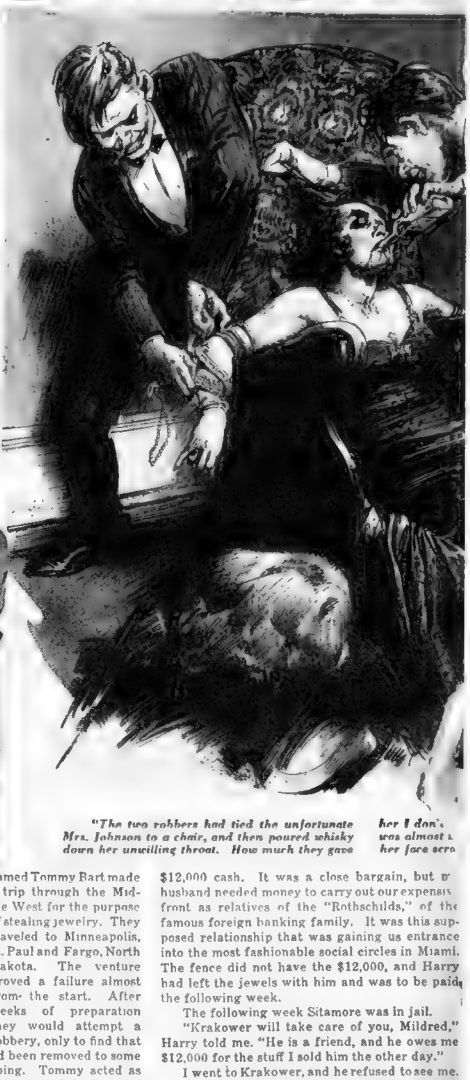
Secrets of the Great Jewel Robb

Harry Sitamore, King of Jewel Robbers, Spent Ten Years of His Life as a "Raffles," a "Gentleman Burglar," Often Pursuing His Trade in Evening Clothes. But Sitamore Now Has Been Changed Into Convict's Stripes and Chain and Ball, With a Forty Years' Sentence in the Florida Chain Gang.

The Extraordinary Outfit of Keys Which Astonished the Miami Police.—These Were Tools of the Trade Which Enabled Sitamore to Open Any Lock.

Mrs. Richard Whittemore, the "Tiger Lady."

Arnold Rothstein, One of the Most Dangerous Men in New York Before He Was Murdered, and a Friend and Backer of Sitamore



"The two robbers had tied the unfortunate Mrs. Johnson to a chair, and then poured whisky down her unwilling throat. How much they gave her I don't was almost her face scra

By Mrs. Harry Sitamore

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

DURING the ten years I have lived as the wife of the world's cleverest jewel thief, Harry Sitamore, I have quite naturally learned much of the underworld of crime. During those years I have met most of the big names whose pictures adorn the rogues' galleries of America and Europe. Gangsters, gunmen, bank robbers, burglars, fences (receivers of stolen articles), hold-up men—I have known many of them. In those ten years I have found almost everything in the underworld save one thing.

I have never found "honor among thieves."

That is the sort of thing you read about in books. There is no such thing as honor or honesty among thieves in real life—no criminal pretends there is.

There isn't even ordinary decency among criminals. During the years we have been married, and of all the crooks I have known, there have been a few, just a small handful, that I believed were real friends, friends who would stand by in the pinches. Most of that handful swindled my husband, or swindled me, when the chance came.

Even though a crook may be your best friend, or your husband's best friend, he is still a crook, and he would just as soon make his friend his victim as anyone else. All he wants is the chance.

Criminals live more or less in a world of their own, and since they are not a part of respectable society, they must flock by themselves, and are forced to have dealings with each other. Even as shrewd a criminal as my husband was and as wise and experienced in the ways of the underworld, he fell into traps baited by his criminal friends and learned more than once the bitter truth that there is no truth in the popular notion that there is honor or honesty among thieves.

Through dealing with fences my husband had learned that it was the fence who made most of the money out of a jewel theft. The fences who deal in stolen articles make most of the money, and take very little risk. Harry decided to become a fence. It was just luck that his decision didn't cost him his life. It did cost him $95,000.

Sitamore had a friend who was a holdup man. On several occasions my husband had aided him to dispose of stolen jewelry, and one day the friend approached him with the information that another holdup man, known to both of them, had stolen diamonds worth $275,000 and wished to dispose of them. Harry saw a chance to make a small fortune in the transaction. They arranged a meeting, and my husband was shown the diamonds. They were easily worth all the gunman claimed. He was willing to sell them for $75,000. Harry agreed to buy them.

The difficulty, so far as Harry was concerned, was that he had only $25,000 in cash, at the moment. But he thought he knew where he could raise the rest. He went to Arnold Rothstein, king of the Broadway racketeers, and told him the circumstances. Rothstein loaned him the $50,000. Of course, he loaned it to him for only three days, and charged him $10,000 for the courtesy. Harry was to get $50,000 in cash, and to repay $60,000 within three days. That was another one of the ways Rothstein amassed the millions that kept him at the top of the heap in crime until he paid with his life for his success.

Again Harry arranged a meeting with the gunmen. They were to gather at a downtown hotel room, where Harry would pay over the $75,000 in cash, and receive the diamonds. My husband was waiting in the room when the gun men arrived. He was there when they left. He was bound, hand and foot, and a gag had been thrust between his teeth. He didn't have the $75,000, and he didn't have the diamonds.

The gunmen had simply entered the room, and as soon as they ascertained that Harry had the money, drew their guns, announced that it was a holdup, took the money, tied Harry, and fled. Honor among thieves!

They knew when they left Harry there that night, that the holdup might cost him his life. Harry owed $60,000 to Arnold Rothstein, and Arnold Rothstein was not the sort of a man who could be put off with excuses. He had gunmen who specialized in taking care of men who owed him money and didn't pay.

Harry escaped being killed by going directly to Rothstein and telling him just exactly what had happened. I told you in a previous chapter that Sitamore was one of the few men the dead gambler trusted. He trusted him then, giving my husband an additional ten days in which to repay the money. That cost Harry an extra $10,000, making $70,000 in all that he had to give Rothstein for the 10-day loan of $50,000. My husband raised the money, and that ended the affair. It also ended his adventures as a fence. Harry had a $95,000 lesson. He learned that a crook can't trust another crook.

On another occasion Harry and a friend named Tommy Bart made a trip through the Middle West for the purpose of stealing jewelry. They traveled to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Fargo, North Dakota. The venture proved a failure almost from the start. After weeks of preparation they would attempt a robbery, only to find that the jewels they sought had been removed to some other place for safe keeping. Tommy acted as a sort of sentry while Harry entered the home of the women they sought to rob, and hunted for her cache of jewels. In several months they spent nearly $20,000, and in return had only a few bits of mediocre jewelry, worth all told possibly $10,000.

Bart had a reputation of general worthlessness. He was a drunkard, and usually carried a gun. I had tried to dissuade Harry from working with him.

"But he is a friend of mine, honey," my husband would say.

He was a fine friend. After several months of bad luck in their attempts at robbery, Bart walked into the hotel room in Minneapolis where Harry was sitting. He was drunk. He pulled a gun out of his pocket, held Harry up and took the last $6,000 my husband had, and left. That was another example of honor among thieves, as it works out in real life.

Harry Sitamore today is serving a sentence of 40 years on a Florida chain gang. It is the price he is paying for the years of crime that netted him more than $15,000,000 worth of jewels. He was captured in Miami, Florida, after a series of robberies during the fashionable season last Winter. When he was arrested he handed the police a tin box containing more than $500,000 worth of stolen jewels.

Just a few days before his arrest, he had sold possibly $50,000 worth of gems to a New York fence, Ralph Krakower, who was wintering in Miami. Krakower, like so many of the jewel fences, operated as a supposed legitimate jeweler in New York.

Immediately after my husband was arrested, I was left destitute. The half million dollars in stolen jewels was in the hands of the police. My own personal jewels had been confiscated in the belief that they, too, were stolen.

I was desperate. I had to have money. Harry told me to go to Krakower. The jeweler, when he bought the stolen jewels, had agreed to pay Harry $12,000 cash. It was a close bargain, but m husband needed money to carry out our expensi front as relatives of the "Rothschilds," of the famous foreign banking family. It was this supposed relationship that was gaining us entrance into the most fashionable social circles in Miami. The fence did not have the $12,000, and Harry had left the jewels with him and was to be paid the following week.

The following week Sitamore was in jail.

"Krakower will take care of you, Mildred," Harry told me. "He is a friend, and he owes me $12,000 for the stuff I sold him the other day."

I went to Krakower, and he refused to see me. I went back again in another effort to collect the money, and learned that the fence had checked out of his hotel. He went to New York, and the next I heard of him was that he had committed suicide.

His body was found in his New York City apartment, a pistol beside him. In a note to his family he blamed his death on "that arch thief, Harry Sitamore." Death, he said, was the only way to wipe out the stain on his honor. But there is no honor among thieves. Krakower's family told police the jeweler had killed himself because he had been "hounded by friends of Sitamore, who demanded that he contribute to a defense fund for the thief." Those friends of Harry's weren't asking Krakower to contribute—they asked him to pay the $12,000 that he owed my husband.

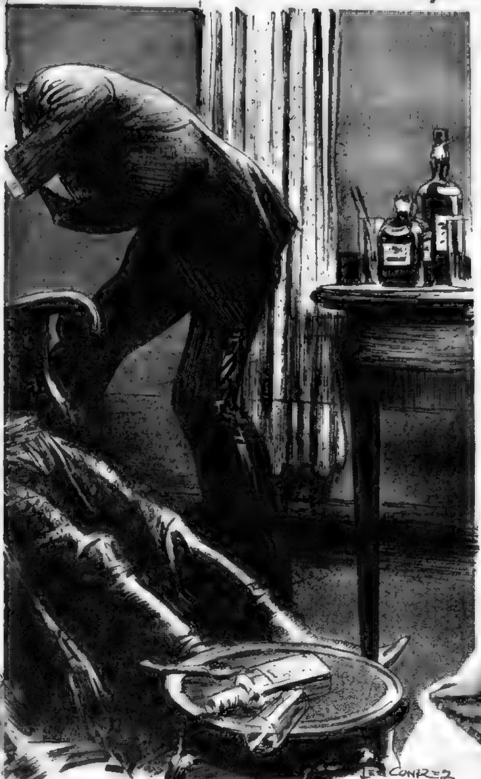
But Krakower, who had had a good reputation as a "legitimate" jeweler, had been exposed as a fence. He faced criminal charges in Florida in connection with the purchase of some stolen jewelry from my husband. He had been willing to take what profit he could from crime, but when exposure came he couldn't face it. He killed himself.

I was still penniless and desperate. I went to Harry and asked him if there wasn't someone else who owed him money which might be collectable.

"I'll get you some money, Mildred," my husband told me. Three days later he escaped from the chain gang. I didn't know it then, but he told me later that he made his escape to go to New York and collect $20,000 that was owed to him by Joseph Tropp, another supposed respectable jeweler, who was known as a philanthropist.

He could afford to be a philanthropist. Next to Arnold Rothstein he was the biggest jewel fence in New York. Tropp during his years as a fence bought and sold millions of dollars worth of stolen gems. He was a member of forty-six different fraternal organizations. He belonged

Mrs. Mildred Sitamore, Wife of Harry Sitamore, the King of Jewel Thieves, Who Was Finally Caught With $500,000 Worth of Stolen Gems, Reveals How This Master Criminal Worked, Unsuspected, Among the Rich and Fashionable



ow, but when Sitamore arrived she nconscious. Her dress was torn and hed."

PHOTO KEYSTONE

Photograph of Convicts at Work in a Florida Prison Camp. When These Men Are Taken Out for Work on the Roads or Other Outside Jobs They Wear Balls and Chains or Leg Shackles.

Mrs. Howard Johnson, the Actress Wife of the Well-Known Playwright, Song Writer and Librettist.

Joseph Tropp, Slippery, Deceitful "Fence," Who Paid With His Life for His Scoundrelly Activities.

to one of the world's greatest jewelers' associations. He had friends in New York's official circles so powerful that he operated virtually without fear.

But he was a crook, and because he was a crook, he was a cheater.

It was Tropp who acted as fence for the notorious Candy Kid gang. Seven years after all but one member of that gang had been either hung or sentenced to long prison terms, Tropp was slain. He paid with his life for cheating the gang on their last transaction seven years before. The one man in the gang that was left had evened up the score

The Candy Kid bandits were led by Richard Reese Whittemore. Milton Goldberg, William G. Unkelback, known as "Baltimore Willie," and Anthony Paladino were other members of the band. There was one other. He was the man who killed Tropp. This band of holdup men stole more than a million dollars in jewels and money in less than a year. Two New York fences, "Big" and "Little Polly" Kraemer, handled a small part of their loot. But it was Tropp who handled the loot stolen in the holdup of William H. Sims and Company, on Sept. 4, 1925; the holdup of David Peck, a jeweler, on Sept. 14, 1925; the holdup of John B. Sanford, a jewelry salesman, on Oct. 19, 1925; Mrs. Mary Linherr, a jeweler, who was held up on Oct. 25, 1925; the holdup of the Stanley Jewelry Company, in July, 1925; the holdup of the Folmer Prip Jewelry store, in December, 1925; the Jacob Ross jewelry store holdup, on May 9, 1925; the R. M. Ernst jewelry store holdup December 2, 1925, and the holdup of Goodvis and Veerman, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth street, in New York City, on January 11, 1926. All these holdups were in New York.

It was the Goodvis and Veerman holdup that tripped up the Candy Kid and his gang. Whittemore was hung for the slaying of a jail guard. Others, including the Kraemers, were sent to prison. One man escaped. Tropp was arrested and $20,000 in stolen jewels were found in his possession, but the jeweler, loudly crying his innocence of the intent of wrongdoing, had little difficulty over that. His politician friends "fixed" things.

But that Goodvis and Veerman holdup cost Tropp his life seven years later. When Whittemore was hung Tropp owed the Candy Kid $35,000, and Whittemore left instructions that the money be paid to his pretty blonde wife, Margaret Whittemore, known in New York as "Tiger Lily." The money never was paid.

The escaped member of the band, meanwhile, was sentenced to a Western penitentiary.

Tropp went on with his jewelry business and his fencing. Seven years passed, and the jeweler must have almost forgotten the $35,000 debt he had welched on. But it finally caught up with him.

A thief, known to the jeweler, entered his store one day and told Tropp that another thief, with a fortune in stolen diamonds, was outside in an automobile. Tropp fell into the trap.

When he entered the machine he must have known that death faced him. There, sitting in the back seat, was the missing member of the old Candy Kid gang, ready to balance the books.

It was near dusk on May 29, 1933 when a big, black car cruised slowly to the corner of Allen and Rivington streets, in the heart of New York's Ghetto. Scores of people on the street stopped in startled silence as they heard screams issue from the machine. Inside the car the avenger and his friend were slapping Tropp over his bald head with blackjacks. They were careful not to hit him hard enough to bring unconsciousness. They wanted Tropp to know and feel his death.

The machine stopped. The killers dumped Tropp to the street. His jaw was broken. His head was a bloody mass. He started to crawl away. The killers watched him. He struggled to his feet. He must have thought they were going to let him get away with his life. Then the staccato crackle of machine-gun fire ripped through the shadows of the street. The first burst was wide. It was just to let Tropp know that he was to be killed. The fence turned, dropped to his knees, facing his executioners, and screamed for forgiveness. The machine gun rattled again. This time the leaden pellets thudded into the jeweler's body. Tropp had learned that crime doesn't pay.

Harry learned of the killing when he reached New York. Tropp had died 72 hours before my husband escaped, but news of the killing had not reached Florida.

Police said it was just a result of a policy racket feud, this killing. The underworld knew better

The man who killed Tropp said he had intended to collect the $35,000 to give it to Whittemore's widow, but Tropp had refused to pay.

There is a story in the underworld that Tropp paid—not $35,000, but $50,000 in cash, the money he had brought when he went on that last ride, to pay for the jewels he had supposed would be shown him. He paid it, the story goes, to buy his life. But he was killed, and no one has heard that Whittemore's widow received the money her friend started out to collect.

There is no such thing as honor or honesty among thieves.

I have said that a crook may be your best friend—but all he wants to trim you is a chance.

That chance came to our friends not long after we were married as the result of the theft of $15,000 worth of jewels from Edna Johnson, wife of Howard Johnson, famous playwright, song writer and librettist. The robbery occurred in the Johnsons' suite at a Broadway hotel, in New York, nearly ten years ago. Harry actually saw the robbery in progress, but had no hand in it. It cost him $250,000 to prove his innocence.

We had just been married. I didn't even know that my husband was a jewel thief. I had thought he was a gambler. I believed gambling winnings accounted for his apparently endless supply of money. The first knowledge I had that Harry Sitamore was a professional criminal came when I read the headlines in a New York newspaper and found a picture of my husband staring out of the front page at me. "Police Hunt Harry Sitamore as Johnson Thief," was what those headlines said

The man who did steal Edna Johnson's jewels was Harry Behan. He is still serving the twenty-year sentence imposed on him by a New York court for his part in that crime. There was another man in the robbery, too, however, and police tried to pin that man's identity onto Harry Sitamore.

Behan and my husband had been friends. I learned later, in fact, that just a few weeks before the Johnson robbery, the two of them had robbed the wife of a Congressman, in Washington, D. C., of a small fortune in jewels. They had gained entrance to her home while she was absent, and quietly walked out with a jewel case filled with gems. But Behan removed his gloves as they were leaving and left a fingerprint on the doorknob of the room. He might as well have left his calling card. Within a few days it was known that he was hunted for this Washington robbery. The proceeds of the theft, meanwhile, had been sold through a New York fence, and Behan had lost the $47,000 that was his share of the money received in a single night, gambling. When he learned that the police were on his trail for the robbery, he was desperate. He asked Harry to loan him $40,000. Behan believed he might be able to fix the case. But my husband was disgusted with Behan's stupidity in leaving the fingerprint, and refused to loan him the money.

It was then that Harry Sitamore first heard of the Edna Johnson robbery, which was to cost him a quarter of a million dollars, and six months in jail, and was to teach me that honor among thieves is just a fiction.

Behan approached Sitamore with the proposal that they steal the Johnson jewels together. It was one of the few times I have ever known my husband to be really angry. Both Behan and my husband had managed to make the acquaintance of the Johnsons, and Harry didn't think it was fair to rob such friendly people. Naturally, the Johnsons didn't know that both men were jewel thieves.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Harry told Behan.

But Behan wanted money and wanted it quick, and was willing to rob the Johnsons to get it. And all the time he knew that Edna's jewels were not worth more than $15,000, and that he would get only a few thousand dollars for them.

When Harry realized that Behan was determined to carry out the robbery, he severed their friendship.

"You rat," he said, "I suppose you would be willing to steal from me if you had the chance."

A few nights later as Harry was entering a Broadway night club he saw Mrs. Johnson leave. Behan and another man, whose name I know but who never has been connected with the crime, were following her. When Mrs. Johnson's car pulled away from the club, Behan and his companion followed in another. Harry realized immediately that the robbery was under way. He went on into the club and debated what action if any, he could take. He finally decided to go to Mrs. Johnson's apartment himself and see what had happened.

When he arrived he heard loud laughter and the sound of men's voices in the song-writer's rooms. One of those voices was that of Harry Behan. Puzzled, my husband used a skeleton key to let himself into the place, and then stared in amazement at the sight that confronted him. Behan and his companion were wildly drunk, and Mrs. Johnson was in a state of collapse. The two robbers had tied the unfortunate woman to a chair, and then poured whisky down her unwilling throat. How much they gave her I don't know, but when Harry arrived she was almost unconscious. Her dress was torn and her face was scratched. She had fought with the men when they tied her to the chair.

Mrs. Johnson told me later that she had no suspicion that the robbers were following her. "I had just entered my apartment and closed the door when they stepped in," she said. "One of them must have had a key that would fit the lock. I was afraid to scream for fear they would shoot me, although I did struggle with them when they tied me to the chair. Then the one I learned later was Behan gagged me with a cloth he pulled from his pocket. Both of them were drunk and each had a bottle of liquor. They amused themselves by lifting the gag, holding my nose so that I had to swallow, and pouring raw whisky down my throat. I tried to scream twice when they did this and nearly strangled."

Both Behan and his companion were armed. Harry as usual had no gun, and he had no means of stopping the robbery, nor the drunken debauch. Naturally, his entrance had been quiet. None of the three, Behan, his companion, or Mrs. Johnson, knew he was there. Finally he left, as quietly as he had entered.

And then Harry Sitamore violated the code of the underworld for the first and only time.

Continued on Page 26

"Set A Thief"

by George McEvilly

"OLD GIL" HAWKINS [illegible] out of the [illegible] way at Fulton and Williams, sniffed [illegible] morning air and turned [illegible] into the [illegible] of workers [illegible] upon the [illegible] of Wall Street [illegible] had done nothing [illegible].

Gil Hawkins [illegible] have been taken for anything but what he really was. His [illegible] conservative [illegible] expertly tailored to his [illegible] figure, his graying hair, his [illegible] face, his [illegible] suggested the [illegible] or banker [illegible] and addicted to golf. Old [illegible] front, and the [illegible] up.

He [illegible] gone more than half a block before he became aware of a man who did not [illegible] to the Wall Street mold, [illegible] entrance of an office building.

[illegible] on, glancing into [illegible] window, Gil [illegible] the [illegible] and followed. Gil proceeded [illegible] way, however, apparently oblivious to what he had seen.

At the corner he turned right [illegible] the ornate [illegible] of a giant skyscraper [illegible] entered the [illegible] An [illegible] elevator [illegible] bore [illegible].

GIL HAWKINS
INVESTIGATIONS

Gil [illegible] It was [illegible].

Producing a key [illegible] Its furnishings were [illegible] and second hand, but [illegible]. A flat-topped desk in the center of the room facing the door, a swivel chair [illegible] and [illegible] hat tree, a [illegible] hat.

Old Gil hung up his hat and [illegible] sat down at the desk and lighted a fat black cigar.

He had not taken more than half a dozen puffs before a figure silhouetted itself against the panel of the door. Gil flicked his [illegible] into the waste basket and, "Come in," he called hospitabl[illegible].

The door was flung open and the man he had spotted in the street stepped into the room.

Gil waved him toward a chair but the man ignored the invitation.

"Headquarters!" he snapped, flicking back his coat to expose the badge on his vest.

"I suspected as much. Won't you sit down anyway?" Old Gil [illegible] pleasantly. "I—don't think I know you."

"That's all right—I know you. Gil Hawkins—grifter, card shark and con man, the best in the racket. What are you doing down here below the deadline?"

Gil's equanimity was unruffled.

"That should be obvious—" he indicated the room "—simply coming to business."

"Oh, yeah?" the detective scoffed. His manner changed and he took a step forward threateningly. "Well, whatever your game is, I'm—"

The old man held up his hand.

"This is a business."

"Business?"

"You saw the sign on the door."

"Yeah, I saw that." The detective's tone was heavily ironic. "Where's your license? You got to have a license to be in business."

"There it is. Got it yesterday."

Gil pointed to a framed certificate on the wall and watched the [illegible] with [illegible].

"So—" the man turned from [illegible] private detective agency, eh? What's your racket going to be—[illegible] blackmail, framing [illegible] evidence or shakedowns?"

Old Gil's manner, too, changed. His [illegible] eyes hardened, became cold and expressionless as bits of [illegible].

"I [illegible] this was a business!"

"Have it your own way, Gil," the detective agreed sarcastically. "I don't suppose you'd mind taking a walk over to Headquarters and explaining to the Inspector just what this little business of yours [illegible]."

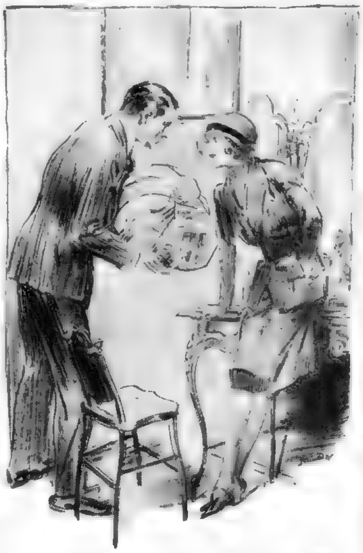
"Is this a pinch?" Gil asked slowly.

"No."

"Then—" Gil was about to say, "Then to the deuce with you if you've got nothing on me," but caught himself just in time. To the detective's surprise, he rose and reached for his hat.

"Certainly," he said mildly. "I'll be glad to explain to the Inspector that this business of mine is to be strictly on the up and up..."

* * *



I Left a Bundle of Laundry With Mamie. She Thought It Was Only Laundry and Promised to Keep It for Me.

Gil Hawkins cooled his heels on the hard bench outside Inspector Burn's office while the detective was closeted inside. Finally the door opened.

"The Inspector'll be delighted to see you, Gil," the detective grunted, with a jerk of the head.

"Thanks."

Old Gil bowed stiffly and went in alone.

Inspector Burns looked up from his desk. On his ruddy face, although he did his best to conceal it, was the expression of one who has been unexpectedly handed a package of first class graft.

"So this is the famous Gil Hawkins!" he began grimly. "Never heard of you working this far downtown before. Let's see—" he consulted a slip of paper "—just beat [illegible] rap, didn't you? Malcowne, the builder, complained about some sharp dealing in a stud game. You should have known better, and him signed to a bunch of city contracts. Charges suddenly dropped. Must have cost you plenty to square that one." He paused. "And now you've taken out a license to run a private detective agency."

Gil [illegible] his large well-kept hands, so deft at palming a card or [illegible] up a deck, [illegible].

"It was the only license I could get that was anywhere near what I wanted, Inspector."

The police official considered.

"So you've turned private dick, eh?" he said at last, with patronizing cordiality. "Glad to establish friendly relations with the cops right away. That's fine. We should be able to use you now and then."

Old Gil bit off the end of one of his big black cigars, lit it and with calm deliberation blew a cloud of the acrid smoke into the Inspector's face.

"I want no relations of any sort with the cops," he challenged. "I came here merely to explain that my business is to be strictly legitimate."

The Inspector eyed him narrowly for a long moment.

"So, [illegible] Gil, you don't mean to sit there and try to tell me that a man who has spent his [illegible] trimming suckers can stand the [illegible] all up?" he asked, with [illegible] sarcasm.

Gil [illegible] the police official.

"I [illegible]. However, I [illegible] from a man who was not ready to take one from somebody else. But that [illegible] the point: granting that I have spent my life trimming suckers, if I had any brains at all wouldn't I eventually crack wise to the fact that all the time I was being trimmed myself by grafting detectives, crooked politicians, bail bondsmen, shyster lawyers, judges who had to be seen—that I was really the sucker? Isn't it conceivable that it might finally dawn on me that the only way to make and keep money was to do it legitimately?"

The Inspector thawed visibly.

"I always heard you were shrewd. Perhaps you really are. Now just what do you expect to do in this alleged business of yours?"

The old gambler took a card from his pocket and laid it on the desk.

Inspector Burns read:

GIL HAWKINS
INVESTIGATIONS
If You Are Being Blackmailed
Swindled
Annoyed by Unscrupulous
Women
or
Men of the Gigolo Type
I Will Be Pleased to Undertake
Your Protection and
Rid You of the Pests at a
Reasonable Rate.

The Inspector's face underwent a complete transformation. It was ruddier than ever. A smile lurked at the corners of his mouth.

"Gil, I believe you're smart enough to be on the level with this. It's not a bad idea either—fighting fire with fire. Your experience should come in mighty handy." He tapped the desk thoughtfully for some time, then selected a paper from a wire basket. "Yes, I believe you, Gil, and I'm going to tip you off to your first job—"

* * *

The United Surety Company underwrote bonds of all descriptions—fidelity bonds to protect employers against peculations on the part of employees, surety bonds to guarantee the carrying out of a contract to build a skyscraper or a bridge. It underwrote bail bonds to insure the appearance in court of one charged with a crime. When a criminal required a bond he applied to an agent of the United, paid the premium—a certain percentage of the bail required—and also deposited with the Company either cash or other collateral of sufficient value so that the United suffered no financial loss in case he failed to appear for trial. It insured the owner of a ball park against rain, a fur coat against moths or jewelry against theft.

Its offices were imposing, as Gil Hawkins discovered when he sent his card in to Mr. Thornton, the General Manager.

Yes, indeed! Mr. Thornton would see Mr. Hawkins at once!

The General Manager was a pompous little man with white sideburns and a wing collar.

"Ah, Mr. Hawkins. Do sit down. You are the—ah—private detective Inspector Burns was kind enough to recommend."

"I've been called a few worse names in my time," Gil remarked as he sank into a padded leather chair. "I prefer the term 'investigator' myself."

"Ah, yes—of course." Mr. Thornton hesitated. His manner was plainly suspicious, resentful almost, but the look in the shrewd gray eyes boring into his own seemed to reassure him. He cleared his throat importantly. "Mr. Hawkins, I will be quite frank. Inspector Burns tells me you are thoroughly competent, and to be trusted."

"The Inspector is something of an optimist at times," Gil observed dryly, pleased in spite of himself, nevertheless, but the irony was lost completely on the General Manager of the United.

"Yes, of course, Mr. Hawkins, but to continue. Our Burglar Insurance Department faces a serious problem. I might say even a catastrophe. Our clients, whose jewelry we have insured for years, are socially and in every other respect above question, but some strange things have happened in the country estates on Long Island this Summer. First, a $5,000 ring disappeared. Our own staff of investigators were able to accomplish nothing. Not wishing to call in the police because of the undesirable publicity, we consulted a private detective agency whose name I will not mention—"

"You don't need to, Mr. Thornton." Gil raised a bushy eyebrow. "The agency went to work, and soon notified you they had contacted a representative of the person or persons in possession of the ring, that for $2,500 they could secure its return, thus saving you half the face of the policy. You paid and restored the ring to its owner."

"Exactly," the General Manager admitted uncomfortably.

"And that, I take it," Gil continued with a twinkle, "was only the beginning of a neat piece of build-up."

"Why, yes—"

Thornton appeared torn between admiration and alarm.

"And then—" Gil prompted.

"Why—er—the next was a $10,000 brooch at Oyster Bay. We settled for $5,000. Then an emerald pendant insured for $20,000 vanished shortly before a debutante party at Southampton. And then this—" He spread his hands helplessly. "I wish to heaven we had never gone into the bargain end of the business. If this keeps up it can cause us considerable — er — embarrassment."

He hesitated, a little fearfully. Gil waited. The pause lengthened. Thornton began to fidget in his chair. Then:

"Er—what is your usual retainer, Mr. Hawkins?" he inquired nervously.

"I ask no retainer."

The General Manager's face wore the sickly expression of a man who has bitten into an apple and found only half a worm.

"How much then?" he managed finally.

"A thousand dollars," Gil said calmly, "plus legitimate expenses."

Thornton's lower jaw sagged with astonishment and relief.

"But—" he stammered "—but—you have no idea of the value—"

"If I were allowed a guess, Mr. Thornton, I should say the missing jewelry is worth approximately a hundred grand."

The little man gasped.

"To the cent, Mr. Hawkins, to the cent! And do you mean to tell me you can recover the famous Nerderling Necklace of matched pearls for a thousand dollars?"

"Plus expenses, Mr. Thornton. I'm engaged in a business not a racket. I'd like to try."

"The United will be delighted to have you."

"Good." Gil rose. "Have you notified the agency you did business with before?"

"Indeed not!" the General Manager answered indignantly.

"Well, don't. Let them make the first move. Good day, Mr. Thornton. I'll get to work on this immediately."

* * *

Hymie the Hyper's" entrance into The Turf—Bar & Grill, Tables for Ladies—was after the manner of a man who is going somewhere, and for a purpose. From under heavy dark brows he scrutinized the scattering of customers, yet without appearing to do so, and his attitude relaxed.

Nodding with seeming casualness to "Honest Willie" Wittick and "Izzy the Itch" matching pennies at the bar, Hymie sauntered to a table in the corner and sat down with his back to the wall.

A waiter appeared at his elbow.

"What'll it be, Hymie?"

"Three light," said Hymie without looking up.

The three seidles arrived, and soon after, Honest Willie and Izzy the Itch strolled over and joined him.

"Well, so what, Hymie?" Willie demanded as he raised a foaming glass.

"Seen Gil Hawkins?"

"He hasn't showed around here since he beat that last rap, must be a couple of days now. Why?"

"I've spotted a sucker with plenty of jack and a craving for action."

"Lead me to him!" Willie exclaimed, his round face breaking into an ingenuous, cherubic smile—a smile famous for its ability to disarm the unwary to their undoing. "I made three bad guesses down at the track yesterday and I need cash."

Izzy the Itch leaned forward eagerly, his wizened vulpine face a mirror of the cunning fox-like mind behind it.

"Me too!" he piped in his reedy voice, his thin fingers twisting nervously. "People ain't hardly got enough in their pockets these days to make dippin' worth while. How yu gonna take him, Hymie?"

"I was thinking mebbe a quiet little game of banker and broker. With Gil fronting we—"

He broke off as a tall figure bulked in the doorway.

"Hi, Gil!" Willie waved a stubby hand. "Over here!"

Old Gil regarded the three men

(Continued on Page 24)

The world's simplest, strongest, least complicated razor. One piece. No removable parts. Life-guaranteed mechanism protectively concealed in the extra long, non-skid handle. One finger-twirl opens the lid. Another twist sets and locks the blade.

THIS modern, self-adjusting razor will *instantly* teach you the expert barber's tugless stroke. The flat, slanted head tightens slack tissues and compels correct shaving at the *only* angle which gets *all* the beard with a once-over. Gem *alone* can do this. And *only* Gem will keep a tender skin on friendly terms with harsh, dense, heavy stubble.

50% thicker Gem Blades (Single- or Double-edge) are so *much* sharper and tougher that they may be *repeatedly* used on whiskers that soon dull all thinner, flimsier substitutes. That's because Gem Micromatic Blades are built of rigid, surgical steel, tempered to withstand the 4840 separate stroppings that give Gems their incredible and *lasting* keenness.

Dual Alignment (exclusive patent) makes possible the *safe* use of these *inimitable* blades. They simply can't scuff or rasp because a single finger-twirl positions edges uncreepingly against the guard and locks 'em fast at five different points. They never slip or miss a hair in dimples, wrinkles, or skin folds. Quit wasting money on obsolete holders and inferior blades. Avoid their choppy, mauling action. Switch to Gem's real barber-shop stroke and protect your skin forever.

Any dealer *anywhere* will sell you Gem's latest gold-plated outfit for $1.00. Or if you'd rather try before you buy, secure a smartly boxed testing set including a regular $1.00 holder with a single- and double-edge blade, by spending a quarter and sending the coupon.

Gem Safety Razor Corp.,
Dept. AW19
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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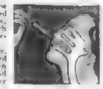
GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES



BANISH NASAL SUFFERING!

Relieve Sinus and Other Nasal Distress with This Amazing 4-Way Treatment!

WHETHER it be plain stuffed head or Sinus, Asthma or Catarrh distress, here's new-found relief!

Almost instantly, Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops open clogged passages and permit free and easy breathing.

They do away with "whistling nose" and "dry throat." They relieve the choking and wheezing. They break up the mucus [illegible] and stop nasty hawking. They check the pains of "Sinus."

Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops are so effective because they are fourfold in effect.

Four Effects

First, they are *Germicidal*. This kills the germs that cause infection in the nasal passages. Second, they are *Antiseptic*. This inhibits the growth of bacteria that breed in and feed upon the mucous membranes and which are a great cause of nasal irritation. Third, they are *Healing*. This soothes the inflamed membranes and promotes recovery. Fourth, they are *Reducing*. This shrinks the taut and swollen tissues and restores the normal blood supply to the affected part.

They "Stay Put" in the Nose!

Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops do not run out of the nose like ordinary nose drops or nasal douches. They "stay put." This is because they are emulsified. [illegible]

Made by the Makers of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine

Grove's EMULSIFIED NOSE DROPS

Enjoy Skin Comfort All Over

Get quick safe relief from nagging irritations with soothing

RESINOL

FREE of cost if trial does not prove it the best ever tried.

Sore, Tired Feet?

JAYNE'S LINCREME

FREE

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Inc., 2 Vine St., Ph'la., Pa. Dept. L-119

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Tens of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches [illegible] put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster [illegible] ALLCOCK'S.

AMAZING HELP FOR BLEMISHED SKINS

Unsightly Outbreaks Quickly Controlled

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SPECTACULAR RELIEF EVEN IN ECZEMA

Hydrosal

The Hydrosal Company, [illegible] St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

He rated their Skin 10 years Younger than their Age

Dermatologist's Examination proves Society Beauties' skin actually 10 years Younger than their Age

Princess Xenia

of Russia. "Princess Xenia has a perfect brunette complexion. Texture fine. No blemishes. A youthful freshness usually encountered in the early twenties instead of thirties."—*Dermatologist's Report.* The Princess Xenia says: "Every night, every morning, always before freshening my make-up, I use Pond's Cold Cream."

Mrs. Francis Grover Cleveland

"Mrs. Cleveland has a delicate skin. Texture fine and soft. No defects are patent. Her skin looks at least ten years younger than her age."—*Dermatologist's Report.* Mrs. Cleveland has used Pond's Cold Cream for years. She says: "It is a quick, sure and thorough way to cleanse—to soften and to prepare for powder. I wouldn't be without it for a day."

SKIN YOUTH, dermatologists say, depends upon the activity of the skin's circulation . . . its tone or elasticity . . . the virility of its oil glands. They now rate the youth of skin on these 4 points—*softness, texture, clarity, firmness.*

From 16 to 20, dermatologists report, the skin is at the height of its loveliness. Then it is thin—smooth—transparent—line-free—radiantly fresh. Blemishes are unknown. But its youth is quickly fleeting.

Even before you are aware, your skin begins to fade—to grow old. It becomes starved for the precious youth-giving oils once created by the active glands deep within it. Then it appears more and more rough—sallow—shriveled—wrinkled.

If you prize the youth of your skin, you must arouse its languid circulation—replenish the lazy glands—give the skin youth-sustaining oils.

In Pond's fragrant Cold Cream there is a rare blend of specially processed oils. They are combined with such precise and knowing scientific skill that they quickly seep into the very depths of the skin. Their effect is instant! Their continuous use a tonic to the skin!

One cream answers all skin needs

Always at night . . . *every night* . . . smooth Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck. Pat it in briskly for just a moment. You will feel its gentle oils seeping into the pores—floating out and away the day's accumulation of make-up, dust, grime—dissolving incipient blackheads. This brief, easy-to-do nightly cleansing takes so little time—it means so much to your skin. Try it and see what it will do for you.

The rich oils in this cream do more . . . much more . . . than cleanse. When laughter lines, worry lines . . . crêpiness . . . settle about your eyes, mouth and throat . . . when coarse pores and harsh texture threaten—these rare oils help to keep the skin young. You notice at once how smooth—soft—your skin becomes.

You'll be amazed to see how evenly powder and make-up go on. Delighted to find it still fresh after hours and hours. But its marvelous effect is not merely temporary. The longer this cream is used, the lovelier it makes the skin.

This remarkable ability to cleanse deeply . . . to literally erase age signs . . . to flatter the skin to new smoothness—radiance . . . has been Pond's passport around the world . . . the reason for its entry into the most exclusive social circles of all continents. Women who can "have everything" choose Pond's Cold Cream. The wisest budgeters, canny about every penny, use Pond's Cold Cream. It is the cream of millionairesses and of the millions.

Above are recent portraits of the charming Princess Xenia and Mrs. Cleveland. Both use Pond's Cold Cream. Convincing proof of its amazing power to preserve the skin's youthful charm!

A cream that melts—cleanses—silkens

Pond's also makes a delightful new cream that liquefies instantly on the skin—Pond's Liquefying Cream. It contains the same specially processed oils as Pond's Cold Cream.

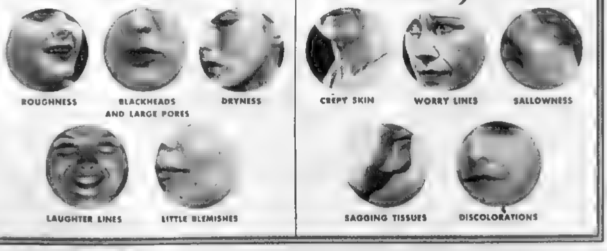
Pond's Cold Cream cleanses. Corrects skin faults—prepares for powder. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream. *Pond's Liquefying Cream* serves same purpose. It is a quicker melting cream.

POND'S
EXTRACT COMPANY
COLD CREAM
FOR
Cleansing

Look in your Mirror. Test your skin on all these points . . . they denote Skin Age. *Correct them with this rich, Specially Processed Cold Cream . . . .*

CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS *in 20's*

FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS *after 30*



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Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H, 36 Hudson Street, New York . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades ☐ I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

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The Mating of Dan Yeo

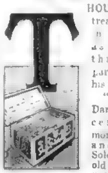
By Ottwell Binns

Synopsis of Proceding Chapters.

D[illegible] island and its sacred groves long ago, leaving his daughter in charge. Cardon believes that 'Danyo' is [illegible] an image like himself governed by old Melchior and Elspeth his niece recalls to Dan a [illegible] the [illegible] Islanders [illegible]

CHAPTER XVI.

The Saga of Danyo.



THOUGHTS of treasure were in Yeo's mind as Cardon thrust the parchment into his hands.

"Read it, Dan. It concerns you more than me, and I'm no Solomon at the old fashion in writing."

Yeo took the parchment and unrolled it carefully, then cast an eye over the sprawling characters, scanning them rapidly. At last he began to read aloud his voice tense with excitement.

"'The statements of Dan Yeo, Esquire, of Daccombe, in the fayre county of Devon, setting forth how he became the greate lord of the Islands of the Seven Pearls.'"

"A good beginning," chuckled Cardon, irreverently. "The Yeos of old were no more bitten with modesty than is the stock in these days, seemingly."

Yeo nodded, and turning to the head of the parchment began to read aloud. There was a tense note in his voice, his face was alight with eagerness, his black eyes burning.

"'Be it known to whomsoever shall read these parchments that the record is made in case I do not make happy return from the adventure on which within three days I set forth with four men who being [illegible] as myself have pledged themselves with me to sail from this place that we may find a vessel that shall convey all who wish for to leave unto that fayre Devon for which our bowels yearn.

"'Not here do I set forth the true account of the wondrous voyage which in emulation of my great kinsman Francis Drake I was moved to undertake, sailing from Plymouth in the fine caravel the Seven Angels of the Apocalypse in the month of August 1598. That I have writ elsewhere, and here it sufficeth to say that seventeen weary months afterwards we came to this place, having sailed through the stormy straits by which Ferdinand Magellan was the first man to sail, in which wilde place we suffered many adventures and beheld strange sights of which the account be written in the book with the brazen clasp, the which when it is read by them shall kindle wonder in men's minds that our hearts were not long time since turned to water within us.

"'There also is it set forth how, after many and great tribulations, we came to the isle of Mocha where my kinsman Francis had called many years before. There Providence relenting of severity and ceasing to frowne on our voyage was most kind and bountiful sending to us as a fayre prize a great galleon, a treasure-ship of the dogs of Spain and of an exceeding richness. This after a brave fight we took, and having thus worthily won them by our swords, the riches it contained—much gold and silver and stones of price—we transferred to the Seven Angels of the Apocalypse, and after regaling ourselves on the wines and rich food which we also took from the Spanish vessel, and, of which, truth to tell, we had sore need, with a fayre wind we continued on our way, rejoicing that now our prow was set for Devon, though yet far away, and thanking God for the great riches sent by Him in His mercy.

"'For six weeks or thereabouts we sailed, by countless lands of a marvelous beauty, but as we proved, inhabitated by savage men who from one came off to us in canoes with drums beating and blowing strange trumpets made from the shell of a creature that doth plentifully inhabit the seas in these parts, and on them to save the vessel from falling a prize to their hands, we were compelled to turn our cannons, causing an exceeding slaughter of savages, which gave me much regret though it was not as if they had been Christian men, being only barbarians who have souls no more than the monkeys which live in the thick forests of these islands.

"'At the last we came in a fayre dawn in sight of these islands looped like a string of bright jewels in the seas, when swifter than pen can write account of, a great storm arose in which our masts were snapped as if they had been no more than fishing poles, leaving us helpless, on a sea so angry and mountainous in its proportions than never before had mine eyes seen the like.

"'Then, hope being gone from us, we prepared our souls for death, repenting ourselves of such sins as we had committed (which, alas! were many and grievous), and being shriven by my brother who had been a priest but had laid aside his priestly robes to go a-roving with me in the Seven Angels, we waited for the coming of that dread enemy who routeth all men at last, myself longing with vain longings that I might behold again before mine eyes closed the fayre land of my birth; but thinking sic eunt fata hominum.

"'Night more black than the gates of the pit fell on us, and all helpless we drove on, with the sound of wild water and of a vociferous wind in our ears, so that no man could hear his fellow speak . . .'"

Yeo broke off his reading aloud, scanned rapidly the next lines, and summarized.

"They hit this place in the night, were washed clean over the reef seemingly, but scraped the bottom out of their caravel. Most of 'em got ashore on rafts. Hello! Listen, little man. 'Whilst the crew were [illegible] at the rafts I recovered from my cabin the brazen coffer that held the most precious of the spoil that we had taken from the Spanish ship!'"

"And there for a dollar is the brazen coffer," cried Cardon, excitedly pointing to the box from which the narrative had been taken. "But where's the loot? Read on, old son."

Yeo more excited than his friend read on to himself and again explained.

"They made land to the number of twenty-three, and blamed odd, landed in the middle of a battle—'Over our heads on a high cliff men were contending for their lives.' Took a hand seemingly, and helped to drive off a lot of what I take to have been Sea Dyaks, and found a white crowd—Dutch with women, who'd been wrecked same as themselves. Danyo married one of them, here it is: 'Among them one jufvrouw of all women the most beautiful whom I took to wife, my brother the priest marrying us with due rites eleven days after our most miraculous escape.'"

"Some pep, old Danyo. Must have been a fair hustler, a go-getter, a—"

"There was war between the Sea Dyaks and the Dutch, so Danyo took charge, built a fort and made himself a virtual king having lordship over the Seven Islands. Had a daughter, named her Elizabeth in honor of the great Queen whom he served, he says."

"Gee! Could have guessed the name. These sailors of Elizabeth's were loyal old birds!"

"Other fellows married, too—'the daughters of the land who were most fayre of skin,' captured them it seems. The women brought them trouble though, seemingly, for he says, 'their offspring followed our ways only in part, cherishing strange superstitions sucked in with their mother's milk, which was grief to me as a Christian man, nevertheless they were loyal to me as prince of the islands.' Priest-brother died, and the church they had built, 'in a fayre grove which we planted,' was left without a parson, and things went to pot where religion was concerned . . . Never a ship lifted its top-sails, they lost tally of the years, he says, but adds 'For long it mattered little, since I was Lord Danyo and Master of the land save where the Pagans of the Sea had their homes.' Wife died seemingly and he grew tired of the show. Here it is: 'My daughter was blooming to womanhood when the thought of fraye Devon began to haunt me as an old song lilts in the memory. I could not forget. By day I visioned the red cliffs, the high hills and greening valleys, and in dreams of the night I went back with my soul and found release from long exile . . .'"

"Poor beggar! Homesick!" commented Cardon. "I guess I've known the feeling."

"Made up his mind to quit at last. He found four others, all of his old crew, and they built a proa—'one of the craft of these seas'—he calls it, and planned to make one of the big islands where the Dutch were."

"But that?" cried the little man pointing to the image. "What about that? Who set it there? Who made the Paradise birds sacred?"

"He did," answered Yeo, as he read on. "It's all down here. Listen! 'Among the Hollanders when first we came here was one who was a carver of wood, a man very skilful. In the first year of our stay, he began to carve an image of myself, and at the end of the second year it was finished—a very fine work and marvellous life-like. It was set up in the grove that we had planted, in honor, that was becoming and fitting since I was the ruler of the land—'"

"Modesty was Danyo's graft!"

Yeo made a cut and continued his reading. "'A plan came to me in the night watches, how to make it serve my interests and those of my daughter Elizabeth, against my return.'"

He summarized again. "Had it carried into the temple, and set up, and swore every soul of the company with hand on the image's feet to be true to him and obedient to the girl till he came back. Same time he made her uncle (mother's side) sort of minister of state. 'Also I commended that till I returned none should slay the birds I loved on pain of death.'"

"Then—by all the gods!"

The exclamation betrayed the speaker's excitement and Cardon snapped quickly:

"What shook you, Dan?"

"Something interesting. Listen, little man. 'Tonight I went with Elizabeth alone to the temple. There did I give her instructions, and whisper to her the secret of the hidden spoil which I carried from the Seven Angels, and I bade her keep the secret secure until my return. And now having penned this record I go to the temple to place it in security that, if mischance should befall me in my going forth on the morrow, some man of my race may possibly learn of my Odyssey and of my Lordship of the Seven Pearls. Just now I shivered dismally. An omen, perhaps? Leaving my kingdom I shall leave the image of the man I was. I do not fear. I go forth in the faith of the ancients—aut vincere aut mori.'"

Yeo broke off, and then added: "Ends with another tag—by way of finis I suppose. 'Jacta est alea.'"

"What's it mean?" demanded Cardon.

"Stake made. Coin spun—die cast!"

"And he never came back!" ejaculated Cardon. "Went down in some tide-rip or busted on a reef and—those jewels he left! Maybe they're here still!"

He stared round the temple, bare but for the polished image on its pedestal, and there was a light of cupidity in his eyes.

"Heaven knows!" said Yeo indifferently, his mind concerned with other things. Then after an interval he spoke again. "Didn't come back as you say, little man, and I know he never made the Devon landfall."

"The deuce you do?" cried his friend.

"Family tradition—no! Records! The story of his going was preserved. It is in the archives that he took the treasure ship at Mocha, and disappeared clean off the map. That news came from Madrid. There's a marble tablet to him back in Devon and all that, you know the sort of thing. 'Twas him and his treasure ship made me run away to sea . . ."

"And you've known the blessed yarn all along!"

"Well, since Mahya opened out, I've been putting two and two together—"

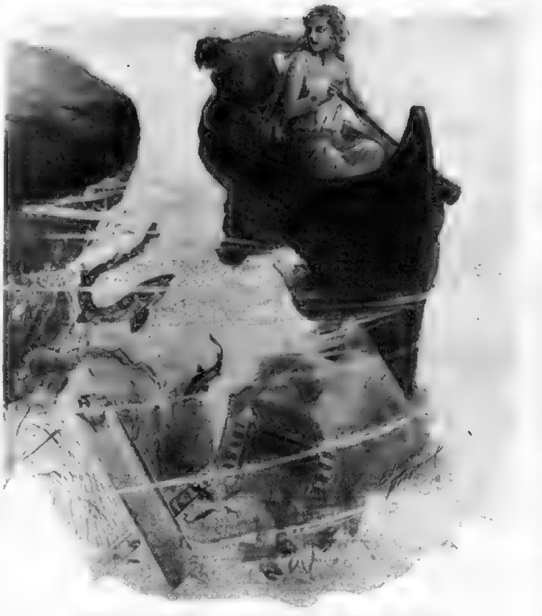
"And Jehoshaphat they make a sure four. Queer thing we should bring the two ends together like this!"

Cardon forgot the thought that had excited him a moment before and stared at the polished image.

"And this lot made him a god. It would tickle his vanity to know that, however it shook his Christian soul! What a tale!"

"Things degenerated after he went, I guess. Those strange

(Continued on Page 20)



Elspeth Stopped Paddling, and as the Canoe Lost Way She Spoke Again. "Beneath us is the ship of Danyo. If you will gaze——"

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"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion; holds the plates so snug they can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with, and not a seed can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists! If your druggist hasn't it, don't *waste money* on substitutes but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. HART & CO., Box 2435-J, Elmira, N. Y.

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You too can make a positive saving of 30% to 50% by buying this more economical way. Why be content with ordinary so-called "All-Wave", "Dual Wave" or "Tri-Wave" receivers when Midwest gives you [illegible] perfectly developed Super De Luxe ALL-WAVE [illegible] carry an iron-clad guarantee of foreign reception.

NOW ENJOY DX-ING HOBBY

These bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super-selective radios have FIVE distinct wave bands: ultra-short, short, medium, broadcast and long. [illegible] range of 9 to 2400 meters [illegible] enables you to tune in stations 12,000 miles or more away with clear loud-speaker reception. Now you can enjoy super American, Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . and derive new excitement from unequalled world-wide performance.

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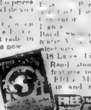

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LIBBEY · OWENS · FORD
SAFETY GLASS

L O F

The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Ottwell Binns

(Continued from Page 18)

[illegible] Yeo [illegible] for [illegible] hero [illegible] The [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Elespeth and Melchior [illegible] eye to [illegible] remember the old Shaman was for killing Mahya and the girl saved her. I suspect the [illegible] and [illegible] powers have been running counter for a good [illegible] I hear he's trying to get hold of [illegible] and I expect to [illegible] those [illegible] work [illegible] Danyo to get [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible]

A [illegible] Cardon [illegible] hurried towards the [illegible] and Yeo followed at his heels. When they reached the [illegible] over the head of the other Yeo saw Elespeth coming down the grove, at her heels two of the Malay crew carrying rifles, whilst one also bore a small box of shells.

"Good girl!" [illegible] Cardon. "Now I'll take on the whole b[illegible]"

Yeo [illegible] the men. [illegible]

"My [illegible] Danny, the girl walks like a [illegible] queen."

"She is a queen," answered Yeo with sober earnestness.

"And seeking a consort!" Cardon chuckled. "You [illegible] like [illegible] to, Dan, old son. If you like you can set up [illegible] the place of old Danyo and carry on the kingly line of the Yeos. What a—"

"Don't josh, little man," said Yeo quietly. "Things may turn earnest yet. That girl—"

He broke off as he caught the droll look of understanding in Cardon's eyes, and his face flushed hotly. The little man laughed, but when he spoke his voice was serious.

"Go slow, old son! Trouble came to the world with a woman and it sure does still. There's a skirt at the bottom of most things that bring men down—and here there's the complication of that old witch-doctor on top of the other. Here's ground where cautious going will pay. Women and wives can't be too plentiful, and the bucks here are bound to be jealous of any outsider who chips in and takes one to his bosom. Must be careful, Dan. When I get one of those rifles in my hands I'll feel a whole lot safer. There's something brewing now. Look at the girl's face and you can see it."

He ceased to speak as Elespeth, and the Malays [illegible] and Yeo looking at the girl [illegible] That Cardon was right [illegible] certain. Something had happened which had [illegible] her profoundly. He was [illegible] what it could be [illegible] straight up to her.

"Melchior the priest has taken Mahya. He [illegible] to [illegible] her. She was [illegible] Danyo and I cannot [illegible] They will not hearken to me [illegible] But [illegible] after the fashion that he would have her—"

"No!"

Yeo spoke but that single word. A dark look [illegible] his face as he snatched a rifle from one of the Malays and proceeded to fill his pockets with shells. For the moment he was divorced from the spirit of the grove and the temple and the ghostly [illegible] of the story he had read, and was just himself, an adventurer in wild places whose instinct was to help the under dog.

"Come on, Cardon! That old witch-doctor has got Mahya and proposes to [illegible] with [illegible] I expect. We can't stand by [illegible]"

Cardon [illegible] "No. And [illegible]"

[illegible] Yeo [illegible] they got within [illegible] saw the [illegible] of the [illegible] saw a [illegible] men and women, [illegible] with the priest exhorting them. In the forefront of the crowd with a rope round her neck, the two ends of which were held by a man on either side, was Mahya—plainly in desperate case. Melchior's voice rolled up the hillside in words unintelligible to Yeo.

"What is the priest saying?" he asked Elespeth tersely.

"He commands them to take her to the high place to be slain for having offended the spirit of Danyo by bringing [illegible]"

"Oh, [illegible]"

[illegible] movement [illegible] the [illegible] crowd [illegible] the priest [illegible] and swung half [illegible]

"[illegible]" [illegible] Cardon. "Now [illegible] I'm going to [illegible] off the Shaman [illegible]"

"No!" [illegible] Yeo [illegible] "That crowd [illegible] and it might make them [illegible] dangerous [illegible] the old man was [illegible] successor—"

"[illegible] son, Danny," [illegible] dead wrong. Look at—"

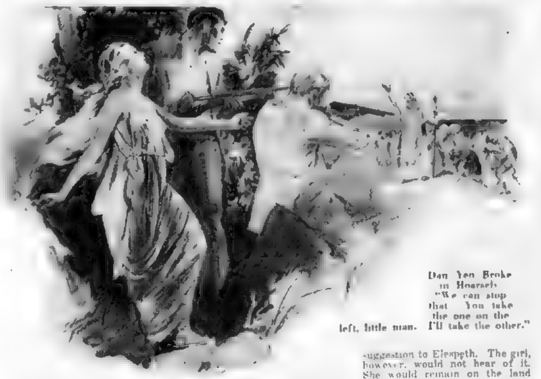
"Ah," [illegible] Elespeth [illegible] "they take her away—Melchior commands. They will—"

"No!" Dan Yeo broke in hoarsely. "We can stop that. You take the one on the left, little man. I'll take the other. Wing—but don't kill. It isn't fair since they don't know what they're up against. Ready!"

The men in charge of Mahya were already moving, dragging on the ropes and compelling their unhappy victim to go with them. Yeo's face was hard as he glanced along the sights, then he snapped a single word.

"Now!"

The two rifles spoke simultaneously, and with the same sound as it seemed one of the guards in charge of the captive leaped into the air, whilst the other rolled over, jumped to his feet and with an unearthly howl began to run. The other man after his leap stood for an instant looking down at his white sarong where a red stain was beginning to show, then he followed his fellow at a limping run.



Dan Yeo Broke in Hoarsely: "We can stop that. You take the one on the left, little man. I'll take the other."

The priest shouted something, but whatever it was it did not avail to hold the crowd which fled along the beach in the direction of the farther bush. For a moment the woman and the priest had the foreground to themselves, then realizing suddenly that she was free, Mahya began to run with the rope ends trailing behind her.

Swift as thought, the Shaman set a foot on one of the trailing ends, bringing up his intended victim with what must have been a painful jerk. Mahya, however, was equal to the occasion. In a second she stooped and picking up a stone flung it straight at Melchoir. The man staggered back, and with the rope ends still trailing the woman ran like a hare straight for her deliverers.

"A bullet through the old boy's hair—" began Cardon, and ceased as if he himself had stopped a bullet.

Yeo shot a swift glance at him and saw a look of utter amazement on his face which was turned not towards [illegible] but out to the sea [illegible] Cardon cried in a startled voice.

"Look there, Dan!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Seven Angels.

YEO, following the direction of his friend's gaze, had already seen it [illegible] but plainly visible, a vessel in full sail was driving on a line that must bring her straight to the Seven Pearls, unless her course should be changed. For the moment he forgot both the priest and the fugitive woman, and stared fascinated at the distant craft, whilst before his mind's eye leaped a vision of the brig that he had seen in silhouette against a dying sun. Then he spoke.

"The Dordrechter—for a thousand dollars!"

"Think so?" Cardon's ordinarily flat voice was almost animated. His gray eyes danced with excitement. "You think they've trailed us, Dan?"

"Dead sure of it! I saw her one sunset weeks back and had the idea, but said nothing, because in the morning the sea was empty. Must have followed us, keeping our top-sails in sight—"

"Maybe some other boat—a tramping trader picking up odds and ends of junk."

"In these seas? You know better, little man. Think! This blessed island hasn't seen a big craft for years and years. Seemingly there hasn't been a brig or schooner or steamer here since old Danyo's caravel went down in the lagoon there. The place is dead off the map. Anything that goes through these shallows goes a few hundred miles to the south. Yet there's that craft coming up hand-over fist on our heels. Thing is as plain as A. B. C. We've been followed, and I'll stake my life that that fat hog Sachsen commands that boat, and that somewhere in her that scoundrel Ransome is watching this place through a glass."

Cardon was not disturbed by his friend's conviction. He looked at the distant vessel and laughed his inane laugh. Then he spoke.

"Things are going to liven up some, seemingly. Not that they've been exactly slow this afternoon. But this place is our loot—and that crowd there will have to keep their maulies out. First comer has preemptive rights; and if Sachsen or Ransome butts in, well! there'll be burnt fingers about this end of the ocean." He broke off, looked round the blue horizon, and then on the islands looped in a wide horseshoe, and laughed again. "That's the beauty of a place like this, where nobody ever comes, and which never one of those interfering gunboats ever noses. You can have a little private war, an' do any blessed thing your fancy paints. If that is Sachsen's brig and that rascal Ransome is aboard as you seem to think, Danny, well—"

He broke off and began to whistle cheerfully. Then he gave his attention to things nearer at hand, looking at the girl Mahya who had thrown herself at Elespeth's feet.

"Reckon we'd best send Mahya to the Frigate Bird. Unless we keep her under our noses she'll never be safe here, and if things get moving she might be in the way. The fairy-queen, too, if she'll go. I guess things will be none too healthy for her on this beach for the next day or two."

Dan Yeo was inclined to agree with him, and made a tentative suggestion to Elespeth. The girl, however, would not hear of it. She would remain on the land and bring her people to a better mind, and perhaps her uncle would change and acknowledge that in truth Danyo had come.

Yeo did not try to persuade her. The high look on her face and the light in her blue eyes told him that such effort would be vain, and he explained the situation to Cardon. The little man grunted, and looked down the beach where a shambling white-robed figure was moving towards the woods.

"If we cleared him out, the trouble would stop—flattened like a soft-nosed bullet against a rock, Danny."

"No," answered Yeo, peremptorily.

"Well, if you won't—you won't. But I'll lay odds we'll have to do it before we're through with the business . . . I'll take the woman now. Better come along with me to the ship in case Elespeth's relations cut up rough whilst I'm away."

"I'll stay here," answered Yeo. "That crowd of Melchior's is pretty badly scared and won't come back yet awhile."

Cardon laughed. "I daresay you're right, Dan. And anyway with a rifle you could hold up the whole township. I'll be back in no time at all."

He turned and addressed himself to Mahya in Chinese and the woman looked at Elespeth for permission to go, then followed him down to the beach, with relief shining in her eyes. Yeo watched the pair enter the boat and put off to the Frigate Bird, then he considered the empty beach and the silent woods where was no sign of the vanished Islanders. Suddenly he spoke using the native tongue.

"Elespeth where is Danyo's ship?"

The girl pointed to the lagoon. "There! Come! You shall behold."

She moved towards the edge of the tide where some canoes lay, and within four minutes they were afloat, the girl paddling. As they slipped through the smooth water Yeo looking backward, saw a white-robed figure in the shadow of the trees and knew that it was Melchior watching them. He wondered why the man should show such bitter opposition to himself, and asked a question of Elespeth.

"Why does Melchior the priest oppose me?"

"Because he believes you are not Danyo. He desires to rule, and is afraid lest your coming should prevent that, Danyo."

"But you rule here?" said Yeo, a little tentatively.

"In my mother's place—yes. But when she lived Melchior hated her, and when she died he would have had me marry him that so—"

"The old reprobate!" ejaculated Yeo, with a swift, wrathful flash in his eyes.

"Since I would not; he has tried to do me much harm. He says it is folly that a woman should rule when a man is needed to keep our enemies at bay. But I have learned how to cast a spear and to send an arrow from the bow, and when last the sea-folk came I slew one with my own hands."

"Phew!"

Yeo whistled softly, but staring at her supple form, and watching her capable paddling, his respect for her was in no wise diminished.

"And that did not silence him?"

"No! He was scornful. And I have a thought that he traffics with the takers of heads, and would make peace with them by giving me to the chief who commands the sea-folk. Once he spoke to me of that, saying that then I should rule the whole land, but in his old eyes there was a look I did not trust."

"I don't wonder," ejaculated Yeo. "The man's a scoundrel!"

"I do not know the word. But if the meaning be that he is a schemer, that is most true."

She stopped paddling and a-

(Continued on Page 25)

CROSS · · · TIMID · · · TEARFUL

When your friendly baby shrinks from strangers . . .

BE ANXIOUS—*not embarrassed*

WHEN your merry, sociable baby bursts into tears at the sight of a new face—something is wrong . . .

It's not a sudden violent dislike or "temperament." More likely his behavior is due to something wrong with his little "insides."

Soothe your wounded guest with that explanation, and then act on it . . .

More often than not, the cause for baby naughtiness is constipation. Or it may be acid-stomach, or flatulence, or the first danger-signal of a cold.

Your first thought should be a laxative. But be sure it's a *child's laxative.* Adult laxatives—even in reduced quantities—are often too harsh for a baby's delicate system.

Fletcher's Castoria is the Answer

Give your baby Fletcher's Castoria. It is made for children. From babyhood to 11 years, it is the perfect laxative. It acts, not as an *irritant,* but as a gentle *stimulant* to the bowels. Quickly, thoroughly, it clears away the waste that clogs a baby's system . . . Without the painful griping and digestive upsets some laxatives cause.

Children Love Its Taste

And children think it's a treat. They love its candy taste!

Be ready for childhood's emergencies. Keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria always on the bathroom shelf. It's safe . . . sure . . . free from narcotics. If you're thrifty, you'll buy the family size and save 21¢!

And remember the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is *always* right on the carton.

• • •

News for Radio Fans!—"Roxy" and a big new show are on the air for Fletcher's Castoria now. Listen in on this genial Master of Ceremonies and the liveliest, merriest gang of fun and melody makers that ever set the air waves dancing. Don't miss it! Saturdays, 8—8 45 Eastern Standard Time. Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network

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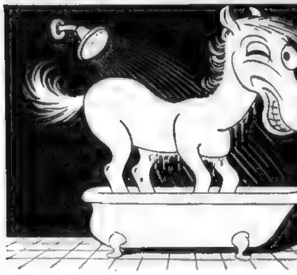
The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years



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Oxide Coating forms on all spark plugs—wastes gas, causes hard starting and loss of power. The AC Spark Plug Cleaner thoroughly removes this coating. All better dealers, garages, and service stations have this Cleaner. Badly worn plugs should of course be replaced with new ACs.

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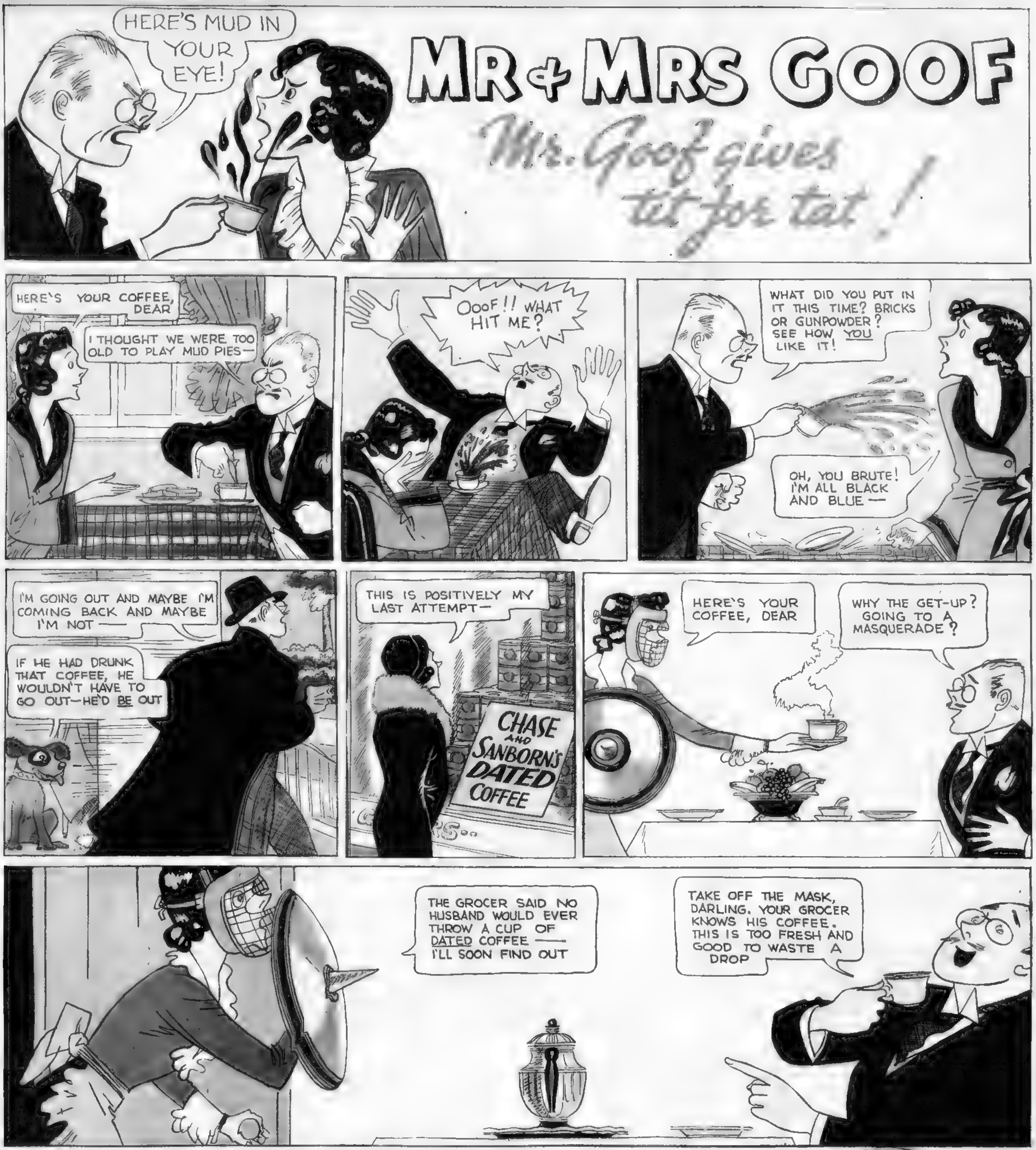
HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!
MR & MRS GOOF
Mr. Goof gives tit for tat!
HERE'S YOUR COFFEE, DEAR
I THOUGHT WE WERE TOO OLD TO PLAY MUD PIES—
OooF!! WHAT HIT ME?
WHAT DID YOU PUT IN IT THIS TIME? BRICKS OR GUNPOWDER? SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT!
OH, YOU BRUTE! I'M ALL BLACK AND BLUE—
I'M GOING OUT AND MAYBE I'M COMING BACK AND MAYBE I'M NOT—
IF HE HAD DRUNK THAT COFFEE, HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO GO OUT—HE'D BE OUT
THIS IS POSITIVELY MY LAST ATTEMPT—
CHASE AND SANBORN'S DATED COFFEE
HERE'S YOUR COFFEE, DEAR
WHY THE GET-UP? GOING TO A MASQUERADE?
THE GROCER SAID NO HUSBAND WOULD EVER THROW A CUP OF DATED COFFEE — I'LL SOON FIND OUT
TAKE OFF THE MASK, DARLING. YOUR GROCER KNOWS HIS COFFEE. THIS IS TOO FRESH AND GOOD TO WASTE A DROP

Stale Coffee loses flavor ... is nervously irritating

COFFEE DETERIORATES very quickly after roasting. It develops rancid oil. Loses its rich, full-bodied flavor. Becomes nervously irritating. You find yourself easily upset by trifles.

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CHASE AND SANBORN'S
COFFEE

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She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Aftermath

OF the three in the room Clive himself looked the most startled but only momentarily.

He was a man of the world enough to carry off a situation like this. Besides, on second thought, he wasn't really surprised. It was true that Freda hadn't definitely promised to marry him that night, but she had said she would think it over and he hadn't really been worried as to what the outcome would be.

Without being exactly conceited Clive had a fair idea of his personal attraction, and knowing how much Freda had loved him in the past, he had thought from the first it would be fairly simple to reawaken that love. Evidently he had succeeded. Because of him she was giving this young Wilburn the bird, and she had evidently told him frankly just why she was doing it.

"Thanks for your good wishes," Clive returned affably. "Yes, it's rather romantic how Freda and I came together again. But, of course, a love such as ours couldn't possibly die. Even time couldn't kill it. I'm awfully sorry if you've been hurt..."

But this was too much for Bob. Perhaps Clive had intended it should be.

"I'm not asking for sympathy," he cried hoarsely. "I can only be thankful I've been lucky enough to escape."

And with that he flung out of the room, slammed the outer door, and they heard his footsteps retreating down the corridor.

Freda stood for a moment irresolute, then started after him.

"Bob," she called. She hated to have him go like that. He had been so sweet to her often, and she was genuinely fond of him. Besides, she felt the whole thing was her fault. She had been lonely, and she had allowed herself to be comforted by his love. It hadn't been fair to him.

"Bob," she called again from the doorway. But he didn't hear her; he must have already gone down in the elevator.

When she turned back into the room she was trembling and there were tears in her eyes. Clive was sitting on an edge of the desk. The afternoon sunlight glinted on his very dark hair. He was smiling his satisfaction as he smoked a cigarette.

"I'm sorry you've been upset like this," he remarked. "But if you will get entangled with half-baked young savages what else can you expect?"

Freda turned on him furiously. "Bob's not a half-baked young savage! He's awfully sweet."

"But evidently not sweet enough to have carried off this situation in a decent manner," Clive commented. "I can see by the look of you, darling, he's been putting you through a merry little dance."

As she didn't speak, he got up off the desk, threw his cigarette out of the window, and came over to her. He put an arm about her shoulders and kissed her.

"My poor darling," he murmured, "it's too bad you should have had this upset. And all because of me. But you had to get rid of the young idiot, hadn't you? How you could ever have thought of marrying him beats me. But never mind, I'm not going to reproach you with it. After all, you never thought we were going to meet again, did you? It's wonderful that we have, and that you really have decided to marry me."

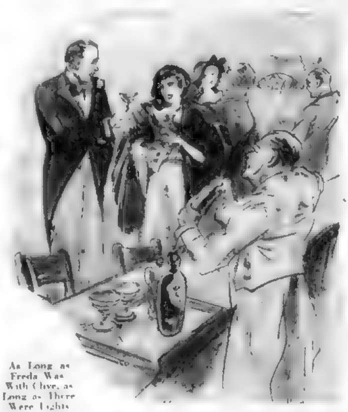
He bent and kissed her again, and put his other arm about her.

"We're going to be terribly happy," Clive assured Freda, "and I'm going to make up to you for everything you've suffered. We'll be married very soon and quietly, eh, sweetheart? No point in waiting. Then we'll go for a little jaunt abroad for our honeymoon."

Often afterwards Freda wondered why she didn't protest; why she didn't confess that she'd only told Bob about him so that he shouldn't blame their broken engagement on Kent; but she was so tired, so emotionally weary and she felt now, as she had felt once before, that probably the most sensible course was for her to marry Clive.

She couldn't forget how much she had been in love with him once, and now she might be in love with him again. Perhaps not with the same intensity, the same romantic abandon, but they were getting older and maybe that was why she felt so much cooler towards him.

He must love her very much to be willing to sacrifice his deceased wife's fortune for her sake. They said that, in most marriages, there was one who loved and the other who was loved. And how much better that the one who loved most should be the man!



As Long as Freda Was With Clive, as Long as There Were Lights and Places to Go, as Long as She Could Keep Her Mind Distracted She Remained Sure She Was Doing the Wisest Thing in Marrying Him

Later they dined together, and she tried to force a cheerfulness to respond to his own cheerfulness. That she couldn't she blamed on the fact that she was tired.

"It's always a nasty business breaking off an engagement," Clive said, and smiled across the table at her. "But when such happiness as ours was at stake it was the only thing to do."

She bent her head in agreement, nervously crumbling bread between her fingers.

"You'll let me keep on with my bureau for a little time, won't you?" she begged.

Somehow she felt that would help. It would help to be busy until they got readjusted to each other. Besides, there was the money she had borrowed from Bob. It was more essential than ever now that that should be repaid quickly.

Clive frowned. "I don't like it, darling. It will take up so much of your time. I'm sure to be jealous of your work. But, as you know, I've only a pittance to offer you, a paltry five thousand a year."

"It isn't a question of money," she said quickly. "I think I should feel happier if I worked."

He sighed. "Very well, if you wish to, dear."

He wore rather a pained martyred expression for the next few minutes. But, in reality, the prospect of Freda carrying on with her work didn't annoy him. On the contrary the thought of anything that might add to the family exchequer pleased him. After having been the pampered young husband of an elderly millionairess five thousand a year wasn't a great deal of money. He fancied he could manage to spend that very comfortably on his own.

Freda's face brightened. She touched his hand. "That's swell of you, Clive. You do understand?"

"I'll always try to understand anything, my dearest, that will make you happier."

She smiled across the table at him, and for a time she was able to assure herself that she was doing the right and wisest thing in marrying him. As long as she was with him, as long as there were lights and places to go, as long as she could keep her mind distracted she remained sure of this.

It was only when she was back in her apartment, when the lights were out and she was cuddled up in bed with the moonlight streaming in pale and cold through the window, that she began to wonder if in breaking her engagement to Bob and getting engaged to Clive she hadn't stepped out of the frying pan into the fire.

* * *

Sitting over dinner in his club that evening Bob was full of dark brooding thoughts. He felt his whole world had collapsed since Freda had broken their engagement. He had no longer any interest in life, no wish to go on living. He was so full of bitterness each mouthful of food almost choked him. He had sacrificed everything for Freda, he felt, and in return she had played him false.

Not only had he quarreled with his father for her sake, but he had broken with Ann. Had she cared very much? She had taken it so quietly he felt she couldn't have. In his present mood this only increased his sense of injury. It was all very well to talk about taking things in a sporting manner, perhaps you could after a time, but when they first happened he didn't see how you could. Not if you loved the other person anyhow.

All the same he felt slightly uneasy on that score. He couldn't help contrasting his own behavior with Ann's. His manhood refused to allow him to admit that, maybe, in matters of love a girl can be braver than a man. Perhaps because for centuries she has had to be brave. She has been the one who has waited at home, in torment, in agony often, while her hero has gone forth to do brave, stirring deeds. She has been the one, too, who has always had to cover up the hurt for the sake of her pride. A man needn't have pride where love is concerned, but a girl must. She has always had to have it, and the training of years stands her in good stead.

But Bob couldn't admit this, and the world seemed to hold nothing but bitterness and futility. Nobody cared for him; he was of use to no one.

It was after he had had his coffee that the great idea of ending it all came to him. Why shouldn't he? What had he left to live for? It should be simple enough. He had only to get into his fast sports car, drive it madly through the night, and crash.

A good end. A fitting end for a fellow who, like his father, had spent most of his life at the wheel of a fast racing car. And they might think it an accident. They might. He told himself he hoped they would, yet there was the idea at the back of his mind that Freda, at least, would realize it wasn't. She would know he had died for love of her. Mightn't she be sorry then she had treated him as she had?

Sitting there, rather morosely, at a small corner table he ordered a whisky and drained the glass at one gulp. The spirit fanned his reckless mood, the first sense of fear he had known and been ashamed to admit, was banished. He crushed down his [illegible] and rose resolutely to his feet. He would do it. It was, as he had realized before, the only solution.

He had left his car at a nearby garage to have a minor repair.

"I wish you could let us have it a little longer, Mr. Wilburn," the mechanic said. "There's a noise I don't quite like in the engine. It may cause you trouble sooner or later. You couldn't leave it here and call back in the morning?"

Bob threw back his head and laughed, a laugh which startled the mechanic.

"I couldn't," he said, when he had ceased laughing. "The morning would be too late. Much too late." He underlined it meaningly. "Let me have the car at once, please."

The man obeyed. He could only conclude by Bob's strange behavior that he had had too much to drink.

Bob drove in a mad, devil-may-care manner along the highway. The long, low slung car was like a comet of light shooting through the night. Hunched over the wheel, his lips grim, his eyes hard and angry, scarcely moving, he was more like a personification of destruction than a flesh and blood man. The end was near and, just then, he welcomed it.

Suddenly something went "grr-grr" in the engine, and the car stopped dead.

"Oh, blazes!" Bob said. It was the first human exclamation that had passed his lips for some time. He sat for several moments at the wheel without moving. "It can't be anything serious," he muttered. "Something I can easily fix."

But he knew the moment he had lifted the hood it was serious. The cylinder head had cracked.

"This is difficult," he thought consciously. "What am I to do now?"

But, in reality, he was ashamed to admit the sense of relief that welled up in him. There were other ways he could end it all, of course, but, to Bob, there was no other way than that he should die gloriously at the wheel of his car. He loved his car as though it were human. Many a time it had whirled him to victory around a race track.

"It's merely a postponement," he thought; yet, with every moment, that sense of relief was growing in him until he almost had to admit it to his consciousness.

There was a small roadhouse near by. He decided to go in there, have a drink and think the situation over. While he waited for his whiskey he glanced at a paper that lay open on the table before him. He noticed that it was several days old, but he was glad of anything that occupied his attention.

He read it idly at first, then, suddenly, he started, his eyes widened, his face paled as he read.

"We very much regret to report a serious accident to Miss Ann Quinn, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Q. Quinn, of Woodlands, Long Island, while out riding yesterday afternoon. We understand her horse threw her and she is now in a critical condition."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Home Again.

FOR a long time Bob sat staring at that report as though stunned. Ann dangerously ill. It was incredible, impossible. Ann, who had always been so full of the joy of life, lying on her back, suffering. He felt he could not bear it.

The crowded room seemed suddenly full of Anns, all the Anns he had known during their long friendship that had started in childhood. Ann as she had been brought by her nurse to one of his early birthday parties, a tiny, dark-haired creature of four or five, in a stiff organdy muslin dress of buttercup yellow with a huge and rather ridiculous-looking bow on her small, imperious head. What a madcap creature she had been! What a dance she had led him in those early days, for they had been sweethearts almost from that first moment of seeing each other.

Then there was the school girl Ann who had come home for the holidays and was more like a tomboy than a girl; they had climbed trees together and raced each other on horseback for miles across the countryside.

Ann hadn't cared about her appearance in those days. Her hair had been straggly, there had been runs in her stockings, and to have escaped out of the house in a dirty or torn dress was something to boast of. "You are more like a boy than a girl, Ann," he had said. He had felt he was conferring on her the highest praise possible.

And then presto, almost over night it was here, the tomboy Ann had vanished. A new self-consciousness gripped her; she didn't confide everything in him frankly as she had before. She became conscious of her appearance and would put some engagement of theirs off when there appeared no reason for doing so. At first he had been annoyed by the change, then intrigued with it.

That Ann faded in the smoke and heat of the room, and another Ann took her place. Ann on the tennis court, playing mixed doubles with him in local tournaments. Dark hair, smooth as a cap, glistened in the sunlight that slanted across the courts; the short white tennis dresses severe in cut, were delightful on her. She was so small, shapely and slim.

"Think we can do it, Ann?" he had often asked her when they were up against a particularly tough pair of opponents. "Of course, we can do it, Bob," she had scoffed. "You and I together could challenge the world!" She had laughed, but there had been a ring of sincerity in her laughter. And, very often, they had done it. Faith in each other is half the battle.

Then, suddenly, every other Ann vanished but one. The Ann he had asked to marry him that night at the Yale Prom; how incredibly sweet she had been in

(Continued on Page 23)

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NEW De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
INSTANT RELIEF
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CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES

These new, smart, thin, dainty, soothing, healing pads will be a revelation to you! They instantly relieve pain and quickly remove corns and callouses; make new or tight shoes fit with ease and prevent sore toes, blisters and corns. They hide blemishes and beautify the feet. Their velvety-soft, flexible, flesh color, waterproof Skintex covering keeps them from sticking to the stocking and coming off in the bath. All these extra features at *no extra cost!* Get a box today at your drug, department or shoe store.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

Wear this DIAMOND 30 days FREE

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STANDARD WATCHES ON EASY TERMS
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The most outstanding offer ever made. We [illegible] send you your choice of a genuine Certified Perfect Ring [illegible] 30 days inspection in your own home WITHOUT a PENNY DOWN —or C.O.D. to PAY! Be the envy of your friends. Wear a beautiful diamond in one of the newest styles of [illegible] gold mountings for either lady or gentleman. Take a Year to Pay. Your Credit is good with us there. Write today for special bargain bulletin and free trial offer. [illegible] Engagement rings a specialty.

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Best Remedy Is Made At Home.

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Don't Suffer with itching rashes!
Obtain prompt relief by using
Cuticura Soap and Ointment
Your Druggist Sells Them

FREE 20 McMURDO SILVER World Wide RADIOS
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● Here is your chance to win a 12-tube radio that tunes in on the whole world . . . London, Paris, Rome . . . ships at sea . . . airplane and police calls. 1931's outstanding set, guaranteed (except tubes) by maker for 5 years. Two complete sets awarded every week. Contest closes midnight November 10. Be sure to get an IDEAL MARRIAGE Contest Entry Blank, at any store which sells Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes. It gives the simple rules to follow, and describes in detail this fascinating contest in which you select a wife for a movie star.

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Perhaps you have been using just any "small" tooth brush, merely because you didn't know that Pro-phy-lac-tic made one.

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NEW! SMALL Type for Adults 50¢
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Restore NATURAL WHITENESS to Dingy Teeth—in a week

A Discovery that is Giving Millions Brilliant White Teeth. Try It.

Here's why Kolynos gets rid of stain and tarnish and cleans teeth so much whiter and brighter than anything else you can use. It contains properties not found in any ordinary toothpaste or powder.

These properties destroy millions of germs that lodge on the teeth and make them look dull, dingy and yellow.

See for yourself how much whiter Kolynos makes your teeth than old-time preparations. Use a half-inch of this special toothpaste on a dry brush morning and night. Your teeth will look brighter the first day, much brighter the second. And soon they'll again gleam with their natural, beautiful whiteness. Then you'll agree that Kolynos is the easiest and quickest way to make dull, dingy teeth clear, bright and shining white. Start using Kolynos today.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

She Walked Into His Parlor

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 22)

a dress that had looked as though it were woven of moonbeams; the moonbeams had been caught in her hair, too; it had gleamed like a star fallen from heaven. The river, stretching ahead of them, had been like a black glistening snake; the trees and bushes beside the banks were edged with ermine and, as the boat glided along the water, had swished pleasantly.

Suddenly he had been startlingly conscious of her; terribly conscious of her as a girl. His arm had slid around her shoulders. "Do you know, Ann," he had muttered, "I've never kissed you?"

She laughed shakily. "But we don't kiss, Bob."

"Don't we?" He had leant forward abruptly, gripped both her wrists, drawn her towards him with a little jerk and kissed her. Queer how the sweetness of that kiss lingered with him now. And, some little time later, he had said, "You're going to marry me, Ann? I couldn't bear to lose you. I wouldn't know what to do without you."

As he sat there, fingering the glass of whisky he hadn't attempted to drink, he found himself repeating those words to himself. "I couldn't bear to lose you. I wouldn't know what to do without you." And, all at once, he knew they were true. Ann was so much a part of the very pattern of his life he wouldn't know what to do without her. If she died... A shudder passed through his frame. "If she died," he thought, "I should die, too."

He had completely forgotten that that very evening he had been about to die for love of Freda. Freda, suddenly, had practically ceased to exist. Yet he had loved her. He had loved her without understanding her; loved her as something apart from his life.

But Ann was part and parcel of his very being; she had been for years. And he knew suddenly that in any crisis it is the long years of love and friendship which really count. The love, however violent, of a week or a day or a month fades to insignificance. Ann was ill. He must go to her. Nothing else mattered.

With a distasteful jerk he pushed the glass of whisky aside.

"Have you a telephone here?" he demanded.

Some minutes later he was in the phone booth. Mrs. Quinn answered his call.

"How is Ann?" he demanded. "It's Bob speaking."

"Oh, is that you, Bob?" Mrs Quinn's voice sounded decidedly cold.

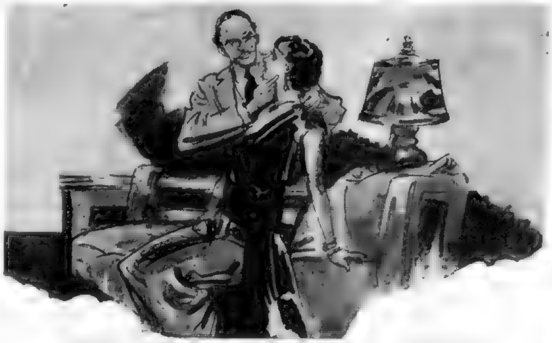
But Bob didn't care. "How is Ann?" he thundered.

"She's very much better, I'm glad to say."

"Thank heaven," Bob breathed. He added lamely, after a moment's silence, "I just saw the news in the paper, otherwise I would have called up before. If I came down, Mrs. Quinn, might I see her?"

"Not in the middle of the night," she returned tartly.

"I meant tomorrow morning," Bob's voice was betraying signs of impatience. "First thing in the morning. Oh hang, I don't care whether she'll see me or not. I'm coming down anyhow." And he hung up abruptly.



"We're going to be terribly happy," Clive Assured Freda, "and I'm going to make up to you for everything you've suffered."

Mrs Quinn took the news to Ann when she went to tuck her in for the night. "Bob's just been on the phone," she announced, "and I must say he talked in a very queer manner."

Ann started to her elbow. "Bob?" Her voice held a curiously breathless quality.

"He's coming down," Mrs Quinn continued. "I didn't [illegible] him whether you'd see him or not, for I didn't know. But he said he'd come down anyway."

"Did he?" There was a soft gleaming light in Ann's dark eyes. "What else did he say, Mother?"

"Nothing else. He hung up rather abruptly. I must say these young men of today [illegible]"

But she stopped, for she saw Ann wasn't listening. She was lying back on the pillows, her pale face slightly flushed. She was smiling. Mrs Quinn couldn't help thinking that she was looking happier than she had looked for weeks. And, for some reason, this irritated her.

Why should Ann, her Ann, be looking so absurdly happy just because a young man who had treated her badly should have deigned to phone? Why should it be able to accomplish what she, with all her love and care these last days hadn't been able to do? She couldn't make Ann smile happily like that, nor her eyes shine with such a soft radiance. Wasn't it rather unfair?

She felt this rather bitterly just then. Parents worshipped their children, and did everything for them, yet all this counted for very little when a young man came along. And often the young man, like Bob, treated them in a most cavalier manner, yet it didn't seem to matter. It was unfair. She was just about to speak her mind on the subject when Ann suddenly said:

"It was worth it, then."

"What was worth what?" Mrs Quinn demanded.

"Oh, being thrown from the horse, and—and all the pain I've been through. I don't mind, now Bob's coming down." She laughed again, softly, happily, and Mrs. Quinn saw there were tears in her eyes.

So after all, Mrs. Quinn didn't say what had been on her mind. Instead she found to her intense resentment there were tears in her own eyes. Impulsively she bent down and kissed Ann on the forehead.

"Bless you," she said, and turned blindly away.

* * *

When Larson, the butler, brought in Kent's tea the following morning, he said: "Master Bob is home, sir."

It was ridiculous, of course, calling a great hulking fellow like Bob "Master Bob" but Larson had been in Kent's [illegible] since Bob had been [illegible]. He smiled and added: "[illegible] have him home [illegible], sir?"

"You're [illegible] sentimental idiot, Larson," Kent retorted, but he grinned.

"Very good, [illegible]," Larson returned imperturbably.

"What [illegible] doing?" Kent inquired.

Again that faint smile [illegible] Larson's thin pale lips.

"He keeps asking me if I think it's too early for him to go round and call on Miss Ann." He laughed and added: "It will seem like old times when Miss Ann [illegible] about again, won't it, sir?"

"You're a doubly sentimental old idiot," Kent retorted.

"Well, sir," Larson replied. "It doesn't seem to me that a little sentiment does anyone much harm. On the contrary, sir."

"Maybe you're right," Kent replied, his blue eyes twinkling. "But there's rather a prejudice at the moment, amongst the highbrows that is. Have you ever thought of becoming a highbrow, Larson?"

Larson looked somewhat mystified. "I can't say that I have, sir."

"Well, my advice to you is don't," Kent remarked with mocking solemnity. "Highbrows seem to spend their time trying to take pleasure out of ordinary people's lives. Whatever is natural to enjoy you shouldn't enjoy, when you feel like weeping

(Continued on Page 24)

TENNIS CHAMPION. "Not only does the mellow flavor appeal to my taste, but I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel," says Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Pasadena athlete. "Camels have a refreshing way of bringing my energy up to a higher level. They seem to restore my 'pep' and take away that tired feeling. And I know I can smoke all I want for Camels don't interfere with my nerves."

HOUSEWIFE. Mrs. Charles Daly: "My recipe for renewing energy is to smoke a Camel when tired."

ANIMAL COLLECTOR. Frank ("Bring 'Em Back Alive") Buck: "I can smoke Camels all I want because they don't upset my nerves."

ENGINEER. Jack Ford says: "Engineers like Camels. They help increase energy when worn out."

SALESMAN. E. W. Davis says: "I'm a salesman, and when tired a Camel revives my energy."

PHONE OPERATOR in New York's Beaux Arts Apartments, Marion Erickson says: "Camels freshen up my energy. They are the mildest cigarette I know."

GOLF CHAMPION. Gene Sarazen, twice winner of the United States Open: "I smoke Camels, too. They always taste good—and never interfere with my nerves."

MOTOR-BOAT RACER. Mrs. Florence Burnham says: "After a hard race, I enjoy a Camel. They're milder. And I notice a quick 'pick up' in energy."

THEY ALL get a lift with a Camel!

TOBACCO MEN ALL KNOW: "Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

Men and women in every walk of life report that smoking a Camel offers an immediate and enjoyable way to defeat fatigue and irritability.

It is an important fact to all that Camels do "turn on" one's natural energy. You have doubtless observed this in others . . . in yourself, if you are a Camel smoker. It is a wholesome and natural "energizing effect," fully confirmed by scientific research.

You'll also find in Camels: mildness... delicacy of flavor... costlier tobaccos!

Smoke as many as you want! Camels never get on your nerves.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

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SPORTSMAN. Rex Beach says: "A Camel quickly gives me a sense of renewed energy. As a steady smoker I have also learned that Camels do not interfere with healthy nerves."

FLYER. Roscoe Turner says: "I watch my nerves as carefully as I do my plane. That's why I smoke Camels."

BRIDGE EXPERT. Shepard Barclay: "I prefer Camels. I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves."

AUTO RACER. "Bill" Cummings: "When I'm 'all in,' Camels give me a 'lift.'"

SIGHTSEER. Carl Johnson says: "I always smoke a Camel when I feel 'low' to bring back my energy."

SECRETARY. Says Elizabeth Harben: . . . "Camels don't make my nerves jumpy."

STAR PITCHER. Guy Bush says: "After nine hard innings, there's nothing that lifts up my energy the way a Camel does. I feel freshened up in no time at all."

DEEP-SEA DIVER. Frank Crilley says: "Camels never upset my nervous system."

FISHERMAN. Arthur Neu says: "I smoke Camels steadily without 'nerves.'"

OLYMPIC DIVER. Miss Georgia Coleman: "When I'm tired and need a 'lift' I smoke a Camel. Soon I feel my real self again. They are the mildest cigarette!"

GOLFER. Miss Helen Hicks says: "A Camel always quickly restores my energy."

SPEED DEMON. "After a championship speed-boat race," says Bill Horn, "I 'break out' my pack of Camels quickly, and in no time at all I get a 'lift' in energy. It's a swell feeling."

"Set A Thief" by George McEvilly

(Continued from Page 16)

[illegible] as he crossed to the corner table and sat down. He listened with a slightly [illegible] to their conversation [illegible] [illegible]. Waving the waiter aside, he lighted one of his fat black cigars.

"You're [illegible], Gil," Willie [illegible]. "Hymie [illegible] up a hot prospect."

"Yeah," Hymie [illegible] with enthusiasm. "Big [illegible] from the West. Ought to be good for five or ten grand at the least."

Gil [illegible] curiosity, but [illegible] the [illegible] never having [illegible].

Hymie was about to [illegible] his plan when something in the old gambler's manner stopped him.

"You're with us on this, ain't you?" he asked, puzzled.

Gil knocked the ash from his cigar.

"[illegible], you better count me out," he [illegible]. "I want no part of it."

"But you ain't even heard—"

"I don't care to hear, Hymie. That sort of thing no longer interests me. I'm through."

It was as though he had suddenly [illegible] a bomb on the table before them.

"Through?" repeated Hymie and Willie in unison.

"Exactly. I'm through. I'm through grifting, through [illegible] suckers, through [illegible] cops. I've turned my last trick."

"Oh, yeah? So's Lindbergh through flying." Izzy forced a [illegible]. "You're kiddin', Gil." But there was no conviction in his voice.

"Say, Gil, I don't get this." Willie's pale eyes narrowed and there was a hostile gleam in them. "What's hit you?"

"A little sense, that's all," Gil replied blandly. He dropped his casual air and his tone grew serious. "Look here, boys! I've made plenty of dough in my time, but what have I got to show for it—?"

"Now now—" Hymie broke in soothingly. "You're a little sunk because it cost you something to square that last rap. Now this sucker I got lined up—"

Old Gil ignored him.

"What have I got to show for it?" he repeated. "Who makes any real money in this racket—and keeps it?"

"Huh!" Willie grunted. "No money in it? You shoulda seen the roll 'Bow Wow' McCallister was packing—yeah and his whole mob too!"

Gil's body stiffened.

"Before or after the split?" he asked sarcastically.

"There wasn't any split. The champ was told to take a dive—or else! And each one made whatever he could get his hands on to bet. Wish I'd been in on it."

The old gambler relaxed.

"Who else?"

"Daisy Marsden threw a party at the Come-On Club last night, and how! Her pocketbook was stuffed with the long green. I saw it when she paid the check. And she didn't make it tending babies, either."

"Who else?"

"'Handsome Dan' has been in the dough for some time," Willie contributed. "He bet important money at the track yesterday—a grand on the first race, and lost; but he hit a three-to-one shot in the second."

"Who did he bet with?"

"Bennie Greenfield."

"Well, maybe you're right but Handsome's bootlegging business is all washed up now. He had a bunch of wealthy clients out on Long Island. Used to drink with them, too, but that doesn't pay dividends when the squeeze comes."

"I don't know where he gets it but he's got it all right."

"Well, who else?"

"I can't think of anybody else who's in the jack just at the moment."

"You see—" Gil spread his hands.

"No, I don't see!" Willie's voice was sharp. "I don't get this. You say you're through grifting. What are you going to do?"

"I've already done it," Gil answered mildly. "I've gone into business—legitimate."

"Business?" Hymie gasped.

"You don't mean you're going to work?" Izzy demanded, emphasizing the word with obvious distaste.

"What kind of business?" Willie asked suspiciously.

"This."

Gil produced one of his cards and the three bent over it eagerly. Willie was the first to look up.

"Oh," there was a covert sneer in his tone, "I get it now. You're gonna turn stool."

Old Gil's body tensed. His steel-gray eyes hardened, contracted to glittering pin points.

Willie shifted uneasily in his chair.

"I—I guess I didn't mean that, Gil," he stammered. "You may be fool enough to quit the racket but you're too old to learn how to double-cross your friends. We're for you even if you are being foolish. How you expect to make any money on the level as a private dick though—"

"It's all too deep for me," Hymie declared. "I just can't seem to realize you've reformed."

"I didn't say I'd reformed," Gil caught him up with a chuckle. "I said I was going into business. I haven't necessarily reformed—but I've certainly gotten wise to myself—"

* * *

That night Gil Hawkins dropped in at the Come-On Club. He did not take a table, merely scrutinized those seated in the privilege corner. Not seeing the person he was after, he moved on to the St. Anthony Roof, then to Number 36. As he was leaving, his face brightened.

A well known chatter columnist was coming up the stairs.

"Hiya, Gil?" he greeted.

"So, so. Say—" Gil drew the columnist aside. "—here's something that may interest you. I hear Daisy Marsden dug a big chunk of gold mining stock out of a sucker. When she sobered up she found she was the one who'd been taken. Only now they've really discovered gold in their mine and she's cashed in for plenty."

The columnist laughed good-naturedly.

"It was a gold mine, Gil, but a mine that wears pants and has a tremendous bank balance. The indiscreet gold mine got a bit gay with Daisy. She yelled that she'd been compromised, an old custom with her, and demanded the protection of his name. The gold mine just settled, that's where her dough comes from. I had it in yesterday's column but the boss yanked it—too much dynamite."

"I'm sorry," Gil said apologetically. "Thought I had something for you this time . . . ."

The next afternoon Gil was at the track to check up on the one lead he had left. He watched the first dash without special interest. Maiden races were always uncertain, but in the third now—He had studied a past performance chart on the train and that, coupled with his knowledge of the game, marked a fillie in the third as a standout.

As the horses were parading to the post for the second race, he entered the enclosure and sought out Bennie Greenfield.

"How's my credit these days?" he asked the bookmaker.

"Aces up, Gil." Bennie's eyes twinkled. "But how about this new business I hear you've gone into? Am I safe in taking a bet?"

Gil grinned.

"It's on the level."

"That's all I want to know, Gil. You're not the kind to go sour all of a sudden. Write out your ticket."

"Before I know the odds, Bennie?"

"I'm no robber."

"I'll be the judge of that. What are you quoting Super-Charge?"

"Eight to one."

"You're not giving out any Christmas presents, Bennie, but I'll try it for a sawbuck," Gil said, and wrote the slip. "It ought to be as good as in right now, considering the tip came from the same source Handsome Dan gets his. I hear he's been taking you lately."

The bookie grunted as he pocketed the bet.

"Even a blind pig will find an acorn if he roots long enough. Dan wins one and blows five. I can stand it as long as he can."

"I never knew he bet important money before."

Bennie shrugged.

"He plunges when he has the jack. He's been in the money for a coupla months now."

That was all Gil wanted to know.

He strolled about, killing time until the third race was called, then hung on the rail and watched Super-Charge win going away. Without waiting to see the rest of the card run off he hurried back to town.

* * *

Gil Hawkins made at once for The Turf. As he entered, his usually brisk step lagged, his shoulders dropped a little.

Honest Willie and Hymie the Hyper stood at the bar having a pre-dinner jolt.

Gil acknowledged their greetings glumly. With a shake of the head he declined their invitation to join them in a snort and sought a table instead. He was sipping a small beer when they sauntered over.

"How's business, Gil?" Willie underlined the word with a faint trace of irony.

"Not so good," Gil admitted. "I used to spot a prospect and go out after him but now I have to wait for them to come to me and they don't seem to be in any rush about doing it."

"That's tough." Hymie grinned. "Ain't thinking of getting back in the racket, are you, Gil?"

"Oh, no." But his tone lacked conviction.

Willie's sides shook with silent laughter.

"Say, Gil! Remember that cattleman Hymie had lined up? Well, we took him for seven grand last night, and packed him aboard the Century without a squawk." He hesitated, with an over cautious cocking of his head on one side. "You couldn't give us a steer on someone with jack now, could you?"

Old Gil sat thoughtfully for a moment.

"There's Handsome Dan," he suggested. "He's supposed to be in the money, if any of it's left. He has a yen for poker—and he's a lousy player according to all accounts."

Hymie's face brightened.

"Say, Willie, that's an idea!" he exclaimed. "I wonder where—?"

He was interrupted by the arrival of Izzy the Itch, who slid into the fourth chair as though he had materialized out of thin air.

"Hiya, Gil?" he piped jovially. "How's the business man? Lemme buy you all a drink. I just left a crap game—ahead. Boy, what a game! Been going all day. They had Handsome Dan hooked proper——"

Hymie and Willie exchanged glances.

"Scram over to that game, Izzy," the latter directed, "and grab onto Dan. He's wanted for a poker game tonight."

"What's the——?" Izzy began with a puzzled frown. Then his sharp little eyes gleamed in cunning understanding. "Gil comin' back with us?"

"Never mind about Gil!" Willie snapped. "Get Dan."

* * *

"I'll see that and raise you a yard, Hymie." Handsome Dan's voice was tense as he counted out the required amount from the thin pile in front of him and laid it in the center of the table.

Izzy the Itch shrugged and shied his hand into the discard. Honest Willie did likewise with a muttered, "Too steep for me."

Hymie grinned.

"Right up my alley, Dan." He selected several bills from his stack. "I'll raise you a couple more."

Old Gil Hawkins picked up the deck. It made little difference to him, except in the long run. Dan had three queens, he knew. He should, he had dealt the hand. Hymie had three tens. The top card was an eight. The next three were deuces. Dan was licked whatever he did, unless he chose to stand pat on threes, which not even a fool would be likely to do.

"I've been out of this hand from the beginning," Gil remarked resignedly. "It's up to you, Dan."

The ex-bootlegger eyed the money before him and took another look at his cards.

"I'll give you one more whoop, Hymie," he said.

The Hyper considered. That was going pretty strong but his luck had held all evening. So had Willie's and Izzy's while Dan had been consistently behind the eight ball. Gil was having hard work to break even. If he had been pulling anything it had been done so expertly that none of the four were aware of it. And with Gil's watchful eyes upon them a wrong move on their part was not even to be thought of.

Hymie decided not to push his luck.

"I'll just see you, Dan." He counted the money with a flourish.

Gil prepared to deal.

"Cards, Dan?"

The ex-bootlegger chose to draw the full amount. Gil flipped him two pasteboards and turned to the Hyper.

"Cards?"

"The next two, Gil."

The old gambler gave them to him impassively, waited a moment.

"It's your bet, Dan."

Handsome Dan selected a hundred-dollar note and flicked it into the pot.

"That's my bet."

The Hyper regarded his cards thoughtfully then laid them face down in front of him. Leaning across the table, he eyed Dan's stake.

"How much you got there, Handsome?"

Dan's dark face flushed.

"Exactly six yards," he answered sullenly.

"Then that's my bet," Hymie said with irritating cheerfulness.

Dan glowered.

"I've got to look," he said, and shoved his pile forward.

What he saw caused him to push back his chair, announcing shortly: "Well, that finishes me for the evening."

Gil rose also, and stretched.

"Me too. No sense working my head off trying to keep even."

Izzy reached for the deck.

"Well, you guys, what about it?"

The other two gathered closer, avidly, as Gil and Dan walked out into the cool night air.

"How about a hamburger and some beer?" the old gambler suggested. "On me."

Dan grunted agreement. Later, after his second hamburger and third flagon of beer, he warmed up a little.

"The deuce with poker!" he said feelingly.

"Me too," Gil seconded. "Think I'll go out to the track tomorrow. I hit Bennie Greenfield with an eight-to-one shot this afternoon and there are two more just like it on tomorrow's card."

Dan pricked up his ears.

"Good things, Gil?"

"No one's asking you to play them."

"Now, now, Gil—" Dan was conciliatory in an instant. "—I didn't mean you to take it that way. I'd appreciate your letting me in on a sure thing. I don't mind telling you I been hit pretty hard today and I'd like a chance to recoup. Meet you at the track. Okay?"

"It's okay with me," Gil replied dryly. "But remember—I guarantee nothing."

Dan winked knowingly as he clapped the old gambler on the back.

"I'll be seeing you, Gil. . ."

* * *

Old Gil Hawkins was at the station in plenty of time to make a phone call before the race train left. It was to the General Manager of the United, and he was put through at once.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Hawkins?" the little man inquired eagerly. "Any progress?"

"Yes and no, Mr. Thornton. But tell me—have you heard from the—ah—individuals you dealt with before?"

The General Manager's gasp sounded plainly over the wire.

"How did you know?"

"Then you did hear?"

"This morning. They called to ask if I had any business for them—just wanted to keep in touch with me, they said."

(Continued on Page 25)

She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 23)

you ought to scoff; when you feel like laughing you should be bored. It's a sort of religion of intelligence, and intelligence seems to me a pretty poor substitute for good humor, love and honest animal enjoyment."

"I'm sure you're right, sir," Lawson agreed.

He disappeared into the bathroom to turn on Kent's bath. A little later he heard Kent whistling cheerfully as he stood under the shower. A good sign, that. He rubbed his thin hands to express his satisfaction. His master hadn't whistled under the shower for some time. Not since Master Bob had been away.

Kent continued whistling as he ran lightly down the broad oak staircase, pausing a moment in the hallway to greet his dogs who jumped up on him affectionately. Bob was in the breakfast room. The quarrel hadn't been of his seeking, yet the memory embarrassed him. He was determined not to let Bob sense his embarrassment. A moment later he entered the room and grinned at Bob.

"How are the kidneys and bacon this morning, old son?"

Bob started and swung round to face him. He had been standing looking down into the silver entree dishes on the sideboard. His nice-looking face crimsoned. "Oh, hello, Dad," he said rather lamely.

"When did you get down?" Kent inquired affably, as though nothing had happened to disrupt the serenity of their relationship.

"Some time in the middle of the night. I don't quite remember. The cylinder head of my car cracked. I had to hire another."

There was a slight pause. Bob brought his plate of kidneys and bacon to the table and put it down before him. Kent went to the sideboard, helped himself and did likewise.

"You've seen Ann?" Bob asked at last. His voice shook slightly.

"You bet," Kent said. "I'm a positive menace over there. They can't keep me away."

"You don't think it's—it's serious, Dad?"

Kent looked grave for a moment. "Well, it isn't serious any longer, though it was blame serious at one time."

"Why didn't you send for me?" Bob demanded.

Kent considered it as he reached for the coffee pot and helped himself.

"For one thing, I didn't know where you were to be found," he said presently. "And for another, I wasn't sure, considering you'd broken your engagement to Ann, that you'd want to come."

"Not want to come?" Bob's voice was harsh and angry. "What do you mean, Dad? You must have known I'd have come from anywhere, anywhere at all, to have been with Ann."

"Would you? And yet you broke off your engagement to her." Kent's voice was a light drawl.

Bob's face darkened. "All the same, Ann means everything in the world to me," he jerked out abruptly.

"You seem rather catholic in your tastes," Kent pointed out with a smile. "Might I inquire if Freda Miller means everything in the world to you too?"

"She doesn't," Bob said harshly. "I realized that last night when I read in a paper that Ann was ill. That was the first I'd heard of it. I dashed down at once."

"And your fiancee, did she mind your dashing down so precipitously?" Kent inquired.

"Freda and I aren't engaged any longer. She broke it off yesterday when I arrived back from Canada."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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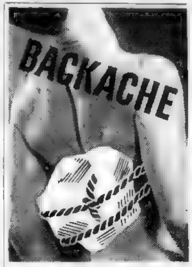

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Treat those aches and pains with a generous application of reliable "Ben-Gay"—the *original* Baume Analgesique. "Ben-Gay" has the power to penetrate through skin, flesh, muscles directly to the pain area . . . And it *stays* there until its pain-killing job is done . . . It works fast, gives positive relief. Be sure you get the genuine "Ben-Gay"—none of its imitators has its quick, sure power.

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BAUME BEN-GAY
IT PENETRATES

Ask Your Doctor First, Mother

Before You Give Your Child An Unknown Remedy to Take

According to any doctor you may ask, there is one duty every mother owes her child. The duty of asking *him* before giving her child an *unknown* remedy to take.

Yet, unthinkingly, every day mothers violate this simple rule. Take the advice of unqualified persons—instead of their doctors'—on remedies for their child.

If they knew what the scientists know, they would *never* take the chance.

Doctors Say PHILLIPS' For Your Child

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Ask your own doctor about this. For over 50 years, doctors, whose life work it is to study the safety and quality of drugs that go into the home, have said 'PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia for your child."

For "*Phillips'*" is the result of over a half century of continuous laboratory-experiment. And is rated among the finest products that science knows in its field, the kind of product your child deserves.

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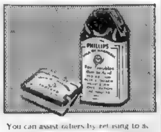

You can assist others by refusing to accept a substitute for the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Do this in the interest of yourself and your children—and in the interest of the public in general.

PHILLIPS' *Milk of Magnesia*

Romance was only a Dream

FREE TEST

"until a scrap of paper" *led me to loveliness*

How I longed for romance…but in vain. I [illegible] to make friends or attract [illegible] at all. It's strange to think that a visit to the [illegible] changed my whole life and led me to loveliness.

I [illegible] from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the [illegible] atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music… moonlight…romance.

Quickly I bought this divine perfume for I hoped it would give me more charm. How thrilled I was when men began to ask me for dates. At last my dreams of romance are coming true… and it's Blue Waltz Perfume that made me glamorous and alluring.

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WAVE your hair at home for a penny! New improved Wildroot Wave Powder makes a whole pint of professional wave set for ten cents. You make your own wave set by mixing powder with water at home. Guaranteed to keep indefinitely. Leaves no white flakes. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Simple directions in every package for finger waving or resetting your permanent. At all druggists and toilet goods counters in U. S. and Canada.

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ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud
White · Flesh · Rachel and Oriental-Tan

"Set A Thief" by George McEvilly

(Continued from Page 24)

"That's fine, Mr. Thornton! Fine! You may expect to hear from me again soon —"

That clinched it. Dan was in need of funds and had punched up the agency that had acted as his go-between to get some action on the Nerderling Necklace.

Gil hung up without waiting for a reply and dashed for the train. As it rolled along through the suburbs he pored assiduously over the past performance chart. He had never been astride a horse in his life, but his knowledge of the ins and outs of the racing of horses was uncanny. And what two of them did today was of the utmost importance to the newly-established firm of Gil Hawkins, Investigations.

Arrived at the track he strolled about the stables and paddock, keeping his eyes and ears open. What he heard and saw confirmed the two selections he had already made.

As the jockeys were weighing in for the first race he entered the enclosure. Handsome Dan was beside him, grabbing his arm, before he had taken a dozen steps toward the rail.

"Gosh, Gil!" he exclaimed with evident relief. "I was afraid I'd missed you or you'd decided not to come. Do those two still go?"

Gil nodded and the ex-bootlegger's eyes glistened.

"What are they?"

"Don't worry, Dan. The first one's in the third. In the meantime I want to make sure Bennie Greenfield's around."

They found the bookmaker in his accustomed place.

"Got some money for you, Gil."

He proferred a small flat envelope but Gil shook his head.

"Keep it, Bennie. I'll do a little betting against it."

"Okay by me," the bookmaker answered cheerfully. "And how're you, Dan? What you got up your sleeve today?"

Dan looked important.

"Haven't made up my mind yet, Bennie."

"Well, when you do I'll be right here."

They left him and elbowed their way to the rail in time to see a pack of maidens whirl past bunched in a blanket finish.

"What's the one we've got in the third?" Dan prodded. "Mebbe I could ease around and hear something."

Gil merely grunted and they sauntered about, nodding or pausing for a brief word with acquaintances. Dan's impatience mounted as they went back for the second race. By the time it was over he was almost wild. He took Gil's arm and started to pull him away.

"What's the good thing, Gil? Let's get our dough down!"

Old Gil shook off his arm and kept his place at the rail. Dan was fit to be tied when the entries in the third finally began their parade to the post. Gil watched them closely as they went past and then started for Bennie's corner. Free of the crowd, he leaned close to the ex-bootlegger's ear and whispered "Sally M."

Dan's face fell.

"That skate?" he demanded contemptuously.

Gil's only answer was to increase his pace.

"How much Sally M?" he asked as soon as they reached Bennie.

"Six to one, and don't tell me I'd rob my blind grandmother."

Gil scribbled a slip hastily.

"I'll take a double sawbuck on the nose."

The bookie stuffed the slip in his pocket without a glance.

"Anything you like, Dan?"

The ex-bootlegger produced a roll of bills and with some hesitancy peeled off a twenty.

"Guess I might as well try the same dose."

They turned away as the "They're off!" went up from the stand, and were just in time to see Sally M win by three lengths, breezing.

"Oh boy, oh boy!" Dan cried, hopping from one foot to the other and waving his hat. "When is that next one? I want to get down heavy."

Gil shrugged, but his eyes had a glint of [illegible].

"Don't get impatient, Dan. A lot can happen before the last race goes up. And remember—I guarantee nothing."

"You don't have to. Who ever thought that bag of bones would suddenly come to life? Where do you get your dope, anyway?"

"[illegible]" Gil smiled cryptically.

The fourth race was run. Dan looked up expectantly but Gil made no move. The favorite took the fifth. The crowd began to trickle out through the gates.

The last was a gallop for a nondescript lot of cheap platers. Dan fidgeted while Gil watched with seeming indifference until they had paraded past. Then he turned and made a bee line for Bennie Greenfield.

"Which one?" Dan demanded [illegible]. "Which one this time?"

"Happy Days."

"Now you're talking," Dan gloated. "I like that baby myself."

The bookmaker was not quite so pleased to see them.

"Here you are, Dan," he said sourly. "One forty."

The ex-bootlegger counted the bills and added them to his roll. He did not return the money to his pocket, however, but held it in his hand, waiting.

"How much Happy Days?" Gil asked.

"Eight to one."

The old gambler nodded complacently.

"That's my lucky figure, Bennie. I'll have a thousand on the nose. And take a good look at the slip."

Behind him Dan grunted as if he had been unexpectedly hit in the wind. "A grand!" He looked at his roll doubtfully, then appeared to make up his mind. "I'll take seven forty of the same."

He handed the roll over and they hurried back to the rail. As they disappeared Bennie Greenfield opened Old Gil's slip and grinned broadly.

"A thousand to eight," he chuckled. "A thousand cents!"

The board read:

Happy Days $10.00 [illegible] 0

Happy Days came in a bad fifth.

"Well, Dan," Gil spread his hands with a gesture of resignation, "mebbe we can get the boys together again tonight and stage a comeback."

Ruefully Handsome Dan regarded the few coins he had drawn from his pocket and shook his head.

"Not for me, Gil," he said glumly. "I'm on blamed short grass!"

The old gambler fished in his own pocket and produced a five dollar bill.

"We can put on the feed bag anyway," he remarked philosophically, but he turned his head away to hide a triumphant smile.

* * *

Handsome Dan and Old Gil Hawkins walked disconsolately up Broadway.

"There's Tony's, if you like spaghetti and a bottle of wine," Gil suggested.

"It's all the same to me," Dan answered, gloomily. "You're carrying the bankroll. Looks like I'd have to get Mamie to put me up for the night."

They turned east on 48th street, crossed Sixth Avenue and continued half way down the block.

"Almost seven," Gil said glancing at the clock in the window of the jewelry store next the brownstone front [illegible] Tony's basement restaurant with its simple legend [illegible] in white over the door.

They went inside and proceeded to eat and drink sumptuously—that is, as sumptuously as five dollars would permit. During the course of the meal Gil [illegible] how [illegible] Handsome Dan [illegible] [illegible] the partaking of good food and drink [illegible] admission that the ex-bootlegger was absolutely [illegible].

"But I'll be in the [illegible] again [illegible] off [illegible] and, [illegible] stated "You couldn't stake me for a week or so, could you, Gil?"

The old gambler shook his head.

"Wish I could Dan but that jack I blew this afternoon [illegible] like nobody's [illegible]. Maybe I can think of someone who will."

They finished their coffee and Gil lit one of his black cigars.

"There's Willie Wittick," he said thoughtfully. "He might stake you Dan. Suppose [illegible]."

Handsome Dan pushed back his chair.

"Yeah, let's try him [illegible]."

Gil paid the check and went into the phone booth in the corner of the hall, closing the door behind him. It was [illegible] phone [illegible] the words [illegible] have eaten at Tony's.

Dropping a nickel in the slot and getting the signal, Gil dialed —SP 7-3100, taking quick deep breaths as he did so.

There was a click at the other end of the wire.

"Police Headquarters," a voice said brusquely.

"Two men trying break in jewelry store, 49 West 48 . . ." Gil sounded, due to the breathing exercise, like a man panting with excitement "…tall old man . . . dark young man . . . I go back [illegible]"

He hung up and came out of the booth.

"Sorry, Dan. Willie didn't answer."

They left Tony's and turned back toward Broadway. Gil paused in front of the jewelry store to set his watch. Something in the window seemed to catch his attention and he stepped into the doorway.

"If we only had a trick like that now, Dan," he said, pointing to a necklace reposing on a velvet cushion.

"I got a bellyful of necklaces!" Dan growled, with feeling.

But Gil appeared not to hear. He stood there, his brow furrowed with thoughtful wrinkles—or was he listening?

"I've an idea, Dan," he said at last. "I'll give you a note to Willie. I'm going home to bed but you ought to find him at The Turf later on."

"Swell!" Dan agreed heartily.

In the distance sounded the faint high whine of a radio car siren.

"I'll write it now."

Gil fished a piece of paper and pencil from his pocket, and resting it against the glass of the door began to write.

The eerie wail of the siren grew nearer, became a shriek.

Dan, watching over Old Gil's shoulder, seemed not to notice.

There was a screech of brakes as a police car pulled up at the curb. Two cops leaped out, guns in their hands.

"Raise 'em high, you!"

Gil and Dan [illegible] their hands going up as though they were on springs. [illegible] began to protest. "What—"

"Shut up!" the foremost cop [illegible] Frisk [illegible] and call the wagon."

A crowd gathered. [illegible] attempted explanations, protests, [illegible] but the officers were [illegible] patrol arrived and [illegible] away with Dan and Gil.

[illegible]

[illegible]

"You've got to [illegible] better than [illegible]"

[illegible]

W[illegible] had been [illegible] he went at once to the ornate apartment hotel where Mamie Delroy lived at the moment. After a brief parley she surrendered the package of dirty laundry.

In it was what Gil had hoped to find—the Nerderling Necklace.

With it safely stowed away in his office safe he went as an ordinary customer to the bail bond department of the United Surety Company and arranged [illegible] Handsome Dan [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] few days and be dismissed, [illegible] the return of the bail for lack of evidence. But Gil had other plans as to the disposition of Dan's case.

[illegible] apartment [illegible] taken to [illegible] to Mamie Delroy.

Dan answered [illegible].

"Not you, Dan," Gil [illegible] guardedly. "Thought I might find you."

Dan interrupted with a [illegible] of thanks, but the old gambler cut him off short.

[illegible]

"Oh, my!" Dan cried. "[illegible]"

"Easy, now, Dan [illegible]"

"[illegible] only [illegible]"

[illegible]

A [illegible] Old Gil was [illegible] into the office of the General Manager of the United Surety.

"Any news, Mr. Hawkins?" Thornton asked anxiously.

[illegible] small [illegible] desk. The General Manager opened it eagerly.

"The necklace!" he gasped in amazement and relief. "Have you arrested the thief?"

[illegible]

[illegible] I make crime pay [illegible] that's the way to stop [illegible] you, [illegible] there will be no [illegible] He [illegible] from his pocket [illegible] bill.

The General Manager took it and read:

To Gil Hawkins Investigations, Dr.
For recovery of Nerderling Necklace (as agreed) . . . $[illegible]
Expenses attendant on same . . . [illegible]
T[illegible] . . . $[illegible]

"Excellent, Mr. Hawkins! Excellent!" Thornton okayed the bill with a flourish. "If you will stop at the cashier's window you will receive your check."

He did.

[illegible] his pocket Old Gil [illegible] out into the sunshine [illegible]

"And [illegible] pit [illegible]," he told himself, complacently. "Crime doesn't pay, unless you're on the right side of the fence."

THE END.

The M[illegible] D[illegible] Y[illegible]

By O[illegible] B[illegible]

(Continued from Page 20)

the canoe lost way she spoke again.

"Beneath us is the ship of Danyo. If you will gaze—"

Yeo gazed eagerly enough. The water was clear as crystal and he could see down to the coral garden and waving weeds at the bottom of the lagoon, and as he stared below the canoe, amid sponge-like shapes of many-hued coral, he discerned a larger mass that to his gaze gradually took the outline of a ship's hull—all distorted and misshapen by the coral which through long years had grown upon it.

It lay a little on its side, as it had gone down in that wild night so long ago, and whilst if he had not known he would never have guessed a ship lay embalmed and coffined in that branching coral, now he could distinctly trace the bows and the high poop in fashion in those far days. But as he stared one thing forced itself upon his notice, and that was that whilst the lagoon abounded with weed, the whole becoraled hull was free. He found that curious and remarked upon it to the girl.

"That is the ancient law. No weed must grow upon the ship of Danyo, and no moss upon the image. Men who can dive well are appointed to keep the vessel clear of growing things, and also to keep the image shining."

"The burnishers of the image," Yeo ejaculated remembering something from his school day. "I wonder if Danyo—"

He checked his thought that the old adventurer knowing the treasure from the Spanish ship taken at Mocha still remained in the hull of the Seven Angels had given that order with a view to some day recovering it. It was possible; though until the hunger for home which had taken him forth on the last adventure, had asserted itself, the treasure could have meant little to him. Here in this ultima thule of the shallow seas gold must have been useless, and gems of less worth than iron.

He stared again through the pellucid water. The old adventurer must have had something in mind when he had ordered that the Seven Angels should be kept clean of weeds. They were everywhere, many colored, broad and narrow leaved, waving ribbons and streamers yards long, of a luxurious growth that would in years have hidden a church, and against that the Elizabethan sailor had provided; but he had forgotten the coral or possibly he did not understand its nature, and so had not anticipated what must inevitably be the fate of his sunken ship. But there it lay encased in coral as in a fairy sarcophagus, no doubt with all its wealth intact, save only that which he had rescued from his cabin whilst his crew toiled at the rafts.

He permitted himself a side wonder about that. Was that wealth still in the hiding place? And had the secret of it been passed down the years like power on the distaff side? That was likely. He looked at Elespeth who was staring absently at the shore. If she knew—

He remembered what the old Spanish treasure ships were like, the riches they carried, and thought that with the spoil of one a man might count himself rich even in this modern world of trading plutocrats. Dynamite would blast that coffin of coral and open a way to the hold of the Seven Angels, and with what might be recovered, and that which Danyo had carried ashore—

He broke off and laughed softly at himself. He was at the old game which had lured him to sea as a boy; the game of treasure hunting which never stales, and which will turn a gray beard into a half-grown boy. And the truth was he cared not one jot for all the wealth that lay down there enshrined in hard coral. This girl in the canoe, simple vestal, in some respects barbaric, was more to him than it all. He knew that indubitably as he looked at her, kneeling there in beauty with that far away look in her blue eyes.

He let his eyes rove round on the string of islands set like jewels in the blue of the sea. He might be master there if he chose—make himself like that other Dan Yeo "the great lord" of these islands, and live his life out in a certain magnificence. A man need not grow fat. There would be work, fighting. Those Sea Dyaks at the end of the island

(Continued on Page 26)

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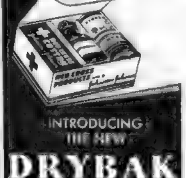
MAIL COUPON AND 15c FOR FIRST AID SAMPLER



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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as [illegible] tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

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Ever-visible Ink Supply
Holds 102% More Ink
102% More Ink
Less than actual size

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is Giving Earning and Learning *An Utterly New Pick-Up!*

Invented by a scientist at the University of Wisconsin and perfected by Geo. S. Parker, this sacless marvel does what pen inventors have been vainly trying to do for 50 years—it eliminates 14 old-time parts, including the lever filler and rubber ink-sac used in sac-type pens, and the squirt-gun piston pump found in other sacless pens.

So don't confuse this patented achievement with so-called vacuum fillers having piston pumps and valves.

The Parker Vacumatic is so basically different, so amazingly better that it's like a pen from another world—does what no other pen can do—is guaranteed mechanically perfect!

You can fill it and forget about it—write a 12,000-word book without further attention. For this new creation holds 102% more ink than a rubber-sac pen of equal size—and its *visible* ink supply shows days ahead when it's running low. Hence it won't run dry unless you let it.

Even the style is patented—laminated—built up ring upon ring of luminous Pearl—an utterly new beauty as shimmering as velvet, and wholly exclusive.

WRITES TWO WAYS
or medium or broad, etc.
WITHOUT ADJUSTMENT

Step into any store selling pens and try writing two ways with this new miracle point—a point of Platinum, Gold, and Iridium slightly turned up at the tip so it cannot scratch or drag, even under pressure.

Go and see why this laminated Beauty is the finest, the newest, the most welcome present you can get for the money—either for yourself or for someone you favor. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

Parker
VACUMATIC
Over Size $10, Pencil, $2.50 | $7.50 | Other Vacumatic Styles, $5

To Make a Pen A Self-Cleaner

Parker Quink—a new creation in writing ink—contains a harmless solvent that cleans a pen as it writes. Get Quink from any [illegible] or write us for [illegible] trial bottle FREE. Address Dept. 448.

Secrets of the Great Jewel Robberies—*By Mrs. Harry Sitamore*

(Continued from Double Page)

H[illegible] back to t[illegible] night [illegible] and [illegible] the manager of the hot[illegible] and told [illegible] he had better [illegible] detectives up to [illegible].

"I w[illegible] h[illegible]r w[illegible].

W[illegible] the police ar[illegible] B[illegible] companion had [illegible] Mrs. Johnson, [illegible] W[illegible] of the [illegible].

S[illegible] Burn under another [illegible] but [illegible] the Fogles Galler[illegible] couldn't not [illegible] of the [illegible] her as that of the other man. I learned later that she definitely [illegible] Harry of the crime the[illegible] when she was shown h[illegible] p[illegible]. But the [illegible] Johnson [illegible] my [illegible] man w[illegible].

H[illegible] after te[illegible] And [illegible] a w[illegible].

Our [illegible] and a half [illegible] could prove h[illegible] innocence of the robbery, [illegible] felt it necessary to have plenty of money ready to fight the [illegible] force [illegible] gave h[illegible]. In that [illegible] and a h[illegible] $2[illegible]000 that he thought would be sufficient. It was [illegible]

W[illegible] arrested [illegible] before [illegible] get back to New York [illegible] when we [illegible] ton, New York, to [illegible] with my parents. W[illegible] back in New York City [illegible] police [illegible].

[illegible] New York [illegible] Department, [illegible] waiting for [illegible] C[illegible] w[illegible]. W[illegible] [illegible] apartment. T[illegible] the night [illegible] to get h[illegible] f[illegible]. At [illegible]. But H[illegible] was [illegible] to pri[illegible].

I w[illegible] re[illegible] the following day. Harry w[illegible] held in [illegible] Mrs. Johnson was [illegible] in and a long line of p[illegible] was [illegible] Harry [illegible].

"Wh[illegible] I know him," she [illegible] "H[illegible] was [illegible] one of the [illegible].

[illegible] Harry [illegible] $200,000 [illegible] judge [illegible] found him [illegible] that huge bond [illegible] wouldn't raise [illegible] were giving my [illegible] chance for h[illegible] freedom [illegible] Harry didn't attempt [illegible].

In the next six months, I my[illegible] something about underworld [illegible].

During those six months I [illegible] nearly [illegible] quarter million dollars Harry had accum[illegible] and most of it went to the men who [illegible] were my [illegible] went to a lawyer who [illegible] from [illegible] to say that he would obtain my husband's freedom.

I think I paid something to at [illegible] half the [illegible] New York. All I wanted was to have Harry free. I was [illegible] prey for the [illegible] and the [illegible] in droves. There was [illegible] a day went [illegible] that some politician didn't arrive at the hotel where I was staying with the story that for $2,000, or $5,000, or $10,000 he could obtain Harry's freedom. In each case I would call the lawyer for advice, and invariably he advised me to pay. I suppose I should have been suspicious. But it wasn't until [illegible] was a tally [illegible] I learned what really had happened.

Each of those politicians had been [illegible] by the lawyer. And [illegible] of [illegible] the money they got [illegible] from me, went [illegible].

[illegible] at this time w[illegible] known in New York as Mack Burns. A few days before Harry was freed from jail, Burns came to me excitedly, and said he had [illegible] arrangement for [illegible] release, but that it would cost $10,000 to close the deal. For the first time during those long six months, I felt that there was really a chance of Harry being [illegible]. Burn was his friend.

But I didn't have $40,000. The quarter million dollars Harry had given me was gone. The lawyer and his politicians had it. When I told Mack, [illegible] suggested [illegible] M[illegible] me. I'm [illegible] I thought it would be a cinch. I [illegible] thing [illegible] fixed up, but we would have to have [illegible] tonight."

The[illegible] Mack had an [illegible] I [illegible] worth of [illegible] T[illegible] Harry had paid [illegible] for each piece in Fifth Avenue [illegible] and I had bills of sale to prove it. As a matter of fact, Harry never would allow me to wear stolen stones.

"Maybe I could get enough out of your jewels to fix it up," the man told me. I would have given anything I had to have my husband free. It took me about two minutes to [illegible] up the gems and hand them over. He was gone [illegible].

"We [illegible] have Harry out by 6 o'clock," he told me as he left. That was the last time I ever saw him.

Six o'clock came, and seven, [illegible] with no word of Harry. I finally called the lawyer. He [illegible] roared at me when I told him what I had done.

"You fool," he said, "that fellow [illegible] probably [illegible] way to Canada by now." He [illegible] He [illegible] getting some [illegible] himself.

A few hours later I was awakened by the telephone. It was "Stitch" McCarthy, then known as the "Mayor of Grand Street," and one of the best known bail bond-men in New York. He is one of the few really honest men I have ever met, and a real friend. He had told me weeks before that when the time came for Harry to be released on bond, he would furnish that bond. "And you need not worry about paying me for it. Harry and I will settle that [illegible]," he had added.

"What ever made you sell your new car to Mack Burns?" he asked me. I could only gasp. My car, which Harry had paid $8,000 for just a few days before he went to jail, was sitting in front of the hotel as far as I knew.

"You put Mack Burns on the phone," I demanded. There were several things I wanted to say to that man. But he had gone. He apparently realized that Stitch had telephoned me, and fled. When I reached McCarthy's office a few minutes later, my car was sitting out in front, and Stitch still had the bill of sale Mack Burns had shown him, with my name forged to it. He had told McCarthy that I wanted to raise $800 to pay a bondsman for Harry's release. McCarthy had been suspicious because he couldn't understand why I would sacrifice an $8,000 automobile to obtain $800 when he himself had told me he would go Harry's bail any time and settle for it later.

That was Mack Burns, my husband's best friend. Not content with taking my jewels, he even resorted to petty larceny by stealing my automobile. That was another lesson I learned on honor and honesty among thieves.

Mrs. Johnson, meanwhile, was so determined that she would be no party to what was an apparent attempt to "frame" my husband, that a few days before the trial she and her husband left the State together, going to a resort hotel at Lakewood, N. J., so that she could not be forced to testify. The case finally was dropped for lack of a complaining witness, and Harry was freed.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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The Mating of Dan Yeo

By O[illegible] Binns

(Continued from Page 25)

could be licked into shape, and whilst the ports of the world would never hear of him except in a wild yarn of some drunken [illegible] men might [illegible] that [illegible] Dan Yeo had [illegible] like him go down the [illegible] in legend. A phrase from the read[illegible]ing of his youth [illegible] mind, its source unremembered. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!"

What infernal [illegible]! he thought. Europe with its stock brokers, [illegible] builders, its swindlers, its leg[illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] making laws to [illegible] own graft, and what did the fool poet know of Cathay anyway? Here a strong man might live, might be the law and impose his will upon the crowd without having a policeman at the [illegible] a tuppenny h'penny [illegible] on the [illegible]. And [illegible] the [illegible].

H[illegible] of women [illegible] he had known. Golddiggers, the [illegible] of Malay Street, unfaithful Jezebels of wives—a multitude of the [illegible] and brazen, and his heart yearned for what she was, beauty without soil, pure as the flame of life itself.

H[illegible] eyes went to the girl again and at that moment she [illegible] to speak to him, and their eyes met. Passion shook him as it had done at the first moment of their meeting. It shone like flame in his eyes—dumb, but [illegible] revealing, not to be hidden even from one so unsophisticated as Elespeth. He saw a startled look come on her face, the eyes that met his were shot with wonder then with something that might have been fear, and [illegible] blood surged in her face.

Whether she understood the significance of [illegible] own emotion or not he had no means of knowing, whether indeed [illegible] interpreting by his own it was what he thought it, he could not be sure; but in that moment the die was cast. As the girl turned her eyes once more to the shore, not hurriedly or in confusion as another girl might have done, he made his resolution.

"I stay—and blame civilization. Here's life—a man's job, and a woman."

He looked down at the coral s[illegible]pulchre of the Seven Angels, and then across the lagoon towards the Frigate Bird, and thought what Cardon would say when he knew. Then he laughed silently to himself.

"The little man will be plumb crazy when I tell him. Cardon shall have [illegible] picking. He can get dynamite and we'll blow that coral down there to powder. With a diving outfit we'll strip the hull of what it holds, and his share should be worth having. With mine, I'll buy a schooner. Cardon can do that for me, and with that I['ll] get [illegible] the civilization I'll want.

"These Islanders come of a searoving stock. They can be licked into shape, and when I['ve] had the handling of them for a year not a Dyak that ever stole another man's head for a love-token will dare to so much as sneeze this way. It's only fair to old Danyo to carry on now that I've hit the [illegible] know what h[illegible] while I'm 'the great lord' he can't be the reigning god.

"They'll want a religion of some sort, and for white heathen one sort's as good as another, and the home product'll have grown out of their needs, same as every other sort has met the local requirements. It [illegible] on[illegible] old thingummabob can still be high priest and wear the mitre and [illegible]. If not I'll supe[illegible] the [illegible]."

The rattle of oars in the rowlock [illegible] and [illegible] turning from the [illegible] in the direction of the canoe. He decided to wait [illegible] how Cardon [illegible] the old [illegible]. If he knew [illegible] he would take [illegible] at the sight of it, and the[illegible] him off until things were [illegible] for action.

The boat drew on and with the nearer sound of the oars the girl looked round, and met Yeo's gaze. There was no [illegible] of [illegible] now. The d[illegible] eyes were almost infant[illegible], but there was a subtle difference in the way they looked at him now that was not to be hidden. In the moment when she had held his gaze so short a time before a woman's soul had been born in this vestal girl—and whilst before she had reverenced him for what he was not, now she knew him for a man—and was not dismayed.

He divined that with intuition quick as a woman's, but refrained from taking [illegible] of it. He would wait. The moment would come [illegible] when Elespeth knew passion, it could [illegible] a great [illegible] that would [illegible]. He met her glance with a smile and indicated the approaching boat.

"We will wait," he said, "until my friend has seen Danyo's ship."

She smiled [illegible] return with com[illegible] and gave her attention to the oncoming boat [illegible] Yeo to wonder vaguely [illegible] been mistaken in his conviction as to the nature of the emotion she had displayed. The boat swung broadside with the canoe, then Cardon asked rallyingly "Fishing, old son?"

"For big fish! Look on the floor of the lagoon [illegible]."

Cardon looked, shielding his eyes to shut out the sun. A whole two minutes passed, then he looked up, quivering with excitement.

"Is that the Seven Angels of old Danyo?"

"Undoubtedly, unless the [illegible] and tradition lies blackly which I don't think [illegible]. You can see from the outline [illegible] ship [illegible] an old one."

Cardon peered into the clear water again, then spoke thoughtfully.

"She lies where she went down. There's no [illegible] of the [illegible] mentioning [illegible] lagoon and the coral has kept her intact. That means that [illegible] she carried down with her [illegible] still there. They didn't have d[illegible] in those days and [illegible]." He [illegible] off and a light of ex[illegible] danced in his eyes. "[illegible] remember [illegible] that parchment—'much gold and silver and stones of price.' Old Danyo couldn't have carried much ashore with him—no more than a grip[illegible] or whatever they used in those days would hold. Th[illegible] the coral [illegible]—"

"Yes, little man."

"And it can be got!" There was exultation in the speaker's voice. "A stick or two of dynamite will blow a hole as big as a house and [illegible] coral [illegible] to do a f[illegible] trot through [illegible] over! We've [illegible] got to get [illegible] and scoop the pool—and be hoomin' [illegible]."

Dan Yeo [illegible] at his friend's excitement. Then [illegible] the lagoon to [illegible] reef and beyond to the green of the [illegible] level of the lagoon the [illegible] they had [illegible] from the [illegible] knew [illegible].

"Suppose that boat out there's the Dordrechter, with old Sachsen and that crowd who were at Sun Kee's? They'll want a finger in the p[illegible]."

"They can want!" blurted Cardon. "Th[illegible] our [illegible] no [illegible] Dutch pirate [illegible] going to butt in. We'll keep 'em off with rifles—" He checked sharply. "All the same 'twould be good biz to establish friendly relations with that lot ashore or we'll maybe stand between the devil and the deep. We don't want to be fighting two crowds at once, and Sachsen's lot might chum up with the Shaman."

Yeo nodded thoughtfully, then spoke tentatively. "We might get old Melchior yet," he said, "though it will be difficult. Some of the Islanders will have seen [illegible] and it's likely [illegible] thinking [illegible] part of [illegible]. But if they can be [illegible] understand that those [illegible] coming after the bones of Danyo and that we [illegible] taboo. If I am to play [illegible] finish the part of Danyo come back from the shad[illegible]."

"Ph[illegible]! To a finish! That's in your mind?"

"Yes. But strictly as a temp[illegible], and after, I'm going to do the thing off my own [illegible] Danyo did. There are possibilities here, and good ma[illegible]. A man might do worse—"

For one second his eyes strayed to the girl Elespeth who was [illegible] something in the [illegible] to his f[illegible] who looked at him with [illegible] understanding.

"[illegible] grow [illegible] of the business, Danny!"

"No! But if I did—there's the road out."

He jerked his head towards the entrance to the lagoon. "I [illegible] get a little schooner, and [illegible] the blue any day. Things [illegible] were in the old [illegible]. And [illegible] I shan't [illegible] to. This part of the world has been left derelict. A fellow who [illegible] could make something [illegible] a big thing maybe. An[illegible] I'm [illegible] to [illegible] a [illegible]."

"Danyo," [illegible] the girl at his [illegible] quietly. "Melchior and other[illegible] come down to the shore. They bear the banner of peace. It were well to hear what may be [illegible]."

[illegible] It [illegible] between the woods and the beach [illegible] seven men, one of whom bore a pole with a flutter of white, and another of the group [illegible] was [illegible] the Shaman. Yeo laughed [illegible].

"[illegible] coming to heel! Here's the chance, Cardon. Follow us in, and form a covering guard. If I can't pull this off now, then tie a stone round my neck and drown me like a dog." He turned to the girl. "We will go, Elespeth [illegible] straight for the beach."

[illegible] gesture was a command as [illegible] as his words. The girl [illegible] the paddle, and moving [illegible] the canoe made almost [illegible] to the point on the [illegible] where the little company [illegible] had halted. As they [illegible] the shore Yeo noticed [illegible] of trepidation in the em[illegible]. One or two looked over [illegible] shoulders and one man be[illegible] to [illegible] away.

"[illegible] fear you, Danyo—also [illegible]. If we went [illegible]."

"You're right, Elespeth," answered Yeo, and promptly swung [illegible] "Sheer off, little man [illegible] lone hand act. If you [illegible] these beggars will run [illegible] scared to death and [illegible] see."

"All right, Dan. But be careful and keep a wary eye on the [illegible]. I'll cover you, and [illegible] treacherous, I'll drop him in his tracks. But don't trust him no more than you would a tiger."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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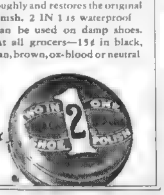

Double-Boiler Detour to Delicious Desserts

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NEXT to the tea-kettle, the double boiler is probably the most indispensable unit of the housewife's entire cooking outfit. Now an accepted utensil on practically every pantry self, this two-way cooking saucepot is one of the products of the genius of Count Rumford, one of the first men to apply his chemistry and his science to the utilitarian needs of the household.

In design the double boiler consist of two pots, a small one within a larger one, with water filling the space between them. Every cook knows that water (at sea level) boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, while what is called the simmering point registers only 185 degrees Fahrenheit on the cooking thermometer.

In using the double boiler, we find that when the water in the lower compartment boils it registers 212 degrees Fahrenheit, whereas the food material in its upper compartment never truly boils, but only simmers or scalds at a point about 16 or 20 degrees lower.

Count Rumford made many interesting experiments on this unique cooking equipment, and proved that by its use foods thus cooked over steam or water kept lower than the boiling point would never dry out, would never scorch or burn as long as there was water in the lower pot.

Later researches showed further that this method of cookery was ideal for certain foods whose consistency or texture was readily affected by high degrees of heat. Milk, for example, eggs whose albumen becomes tough and leathery when cooked at too high a point, gelatin which hardens rapidly, and all starchy foods, such as flour, cornstarch, cereals, can be cooked to perfection by no other method.

The double boiler not only prepares such foods with a more smooth, velvety or blended texture, but has the practical advantage of lessening the need for such constant pot-watching as is demanded by the use of open kettles and single unit pots.

How easily foods scorch can be attested to by the pyramids of waste utensils scattered over the land, and no doubt the statistician would tell us that if all the scorched saucepans were laid end to end they would reach to Betelgeuse, or some other equally distant star!

Another use of the double boiler not so often taken advantage of by the housewife as by her confrere, the hotel chef, is as a means of keeping cooked foods hot or warm until required for service. Count Rumford discovered this value also, and placed several boilers in a group together, with a single connecting lower pan, making, in short, the first "bain-marie" so familiar in the hotel kitchen. Look behind the counter of the drug-store lunch bar, or peek back in the kitchen of the short-order restaurant, or visit one of the magnificent new hotel kitchens and you will see bain-marie in plenty!

It is in this form of an extended and glorified double boiler that the hotel cook keeps his sauces hot and flavorful, his soups savory and piping hot, his cake frostings at the right texture for smoothest spreading. Such a method makes for more seasoned foods, providing means for a type of steeping of food essences, a method which does much to make for more delicious, perfumed, and extracted food flavors.

Every household should possess the double boiler in several sizes. The large 1-quart or 4-cup size is suitable for breakfast cereals, for family-size puddings, pie fillings, etc. The one-half quart or 2-cup size is better suited to frostings, melted butter, sauces, melting chocolate and such uses.

The cook who takes her cooking seriously will provide a still smaller size, the 1-cup size, so convenient for melting a tablespoon of butter, or of this or that, in the most rapid time and with the least waste of fuel or material.

One word of caution: the double boiler must be designed right. This means that the lower compartment should have a decided bulge like a rubber tire in order for the boiling water to have sufficient space in which to bubble up without constantly boiling over—too many cheap boilers have straight sides, thus making them a nuisance and failing of their purpose.

With the advent of Autumn, the planner of menus turns to all forms of the heavier dessert, especially those desserts which combine well with new fruits and seasonable berries. Gelatin, tapioca, custard, milk pudding, velvety cornstarch are some of these delicate as well as delicious desserts especially suitable for Fall weather. And in no other way can they be cooked as well and as smoothly as in the useful double boiler.

The soft or boiled custard is a fundamental recipe which can be varied in countless ways. It is made of eggs and milk, and must be cooked over low heat, stirring constantly until, as the recipe invariably says: "the custard coats the spoon."

This basic recipe may be made richer by using more egg yolks: it may be eaten hot or chilled, with berries. If small dots of whipped egg-white are placed over the custard it becomes the old-fashioned "floating island"; or if combined with sponge cake and jelly it is the delicious "trifle" of the English storybook.

Basic Soft Custard: 2 cups scalded milk, 3 egg yolks, ¼ cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon flavoring. Beat eggs slightly (never beat eggs much for any custard), add sugar and salt. Add to scalded milk in double boiler while stirring constantly. Cook until the custard coats the spoon. Chill. (Do not overcook, which induces curdling).

Quick-cooking tapioca is another delicious dessert, also best cooked in the boiler. The steam or watery vapor of the boiling water softens the starch of the tapioca without danger of its too quick tendency to scorch or to cook dry.

Basic Tapioca: ½ cup quick-cooking tapioca, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 cups hot milk, fruit juice or other liquid, ¼ to ½ cup sugar, 1 cup crushed fruit or fruit pulp. Add tapioca and salt to scalded liquid and cook in double boiler until tapioca is clear. Add sugar and fruit pulp last. If eggs are used, first remove mixture from fire and cool slightly. Add beaten eggs or whipped cream or other ingredients.

Basic Cornstarch: ⅓ cup sifted cornstarch, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup cold liquid, 4 cups scalded milk or hot liquid, 1 teaspoon flavoring, 3 egg-whites whipped stiff. Mix cornstarch and salt with cold liquid to a smooth paste. Add to hot or scalded liquid in double boiler while stirring constantly. Remove inner compartment and cook over direct heat for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Return to lower portion and cook 15 minutes longer. Cool. Add flavoring and whipped whites, whipped cream or similar ingredients.

Gelatin is another food cooked more safely in the double boiler, especially when combined with eggs and milk, as in many Autumn desserts. Gelatin must always be first softened for 5 minutes in cold water, then added to a hot liquid and stirred until completely dissolved. This recipe for a delicious gelatin cream is typical of its class:

Basic Gelatin Cream: 1¼ cups milk, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, grains salt, 1½ tablespoons granulated gelatin, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup cream whipped, 3 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon flavoring, 2 egg-whites whipped stiff. Scald milk and add to it the gelatin which has been soaked 5 minutes in the ¼ cup cold water. Add sugar, salt, and beaten yolks. Cook in boiler, stirring constantly. Cool, and add whipped whites. Set to chill, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add whipped cream blended with powdered sugar.

Any of the above basic recipes may be flavored differently, have different fruits added, and be served in molds of different shapes and sizes to give variety and novelty. But the secret of their deliciousness will be in cooking them slowly, over low fire in the useful double boiler.

Here are some recipes often asked for by readers, and very seasonable:

Sauce Mousseline: ½ cup butter, 2 egg-yolks, ⅛ teaspoon salt, grains cayenne, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ⅓ cup hot cream. Cream butter and place ⅓ of it with the yolks, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice in double boiler. Cook 3 minutes very slowly until mixture thickens. Add second ⅓ of butter and cook. Add last ⅓ butter and cook, stirring constantly. Unless this is cooked slowly mixture will curdle. Add hot cream and cook 1 minute longer. Serve at once over freshly cooked asparagus.

Prune Tarts: Cooked, drained and well-seasoned prune pulp. Baked pastry crust or shells. Whipped cream, chopped pecans, ginger syrup. Beat prune pulp to a smooth paste and flavor with ginger syrup. Turn into crust or shell and brown in oven. Cover with whipped cream, sprinkle with nuts and serve immediately Delicious for the tea tray.

Prune Pastry Roll: One pound prunes, soaked, cooked and mashed to pulp, ¾ cup sugar, 1 lemon thinly sliced, ½ cup butter, pastry crust. Drain pulp and spread on long sheet of pastry dough. Dot with butter, sprinkle with sugar, lay in lemon slices and roll up like a jelly roll. Place in baking pan, brush with melted butter and bake 1 hour. Baste with juice in which prunes were cooked. Serve hot with hard sauce.

Quick Fudge: Three ounces unsweetened chocolate; 1 can condensed milk; 1½ tablespoons butter; 1 tablespoon vanilla; 2 cups (4X) confectioners' sugar; ½ cup chopped nuts; ½ cup chopped pitted dates or other fruits. Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add condensed milk and cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally until mixture thickens. Remove from fire; add butter and vanilla. Sift in sugar, working into chocolate mixture. Lightly fold in nuts and fruits. Pat and scrape mixture into buttered square fudge pan, smoothing out the top. Place in refrigerator to chill. Cut into squares.

Chocolate Fudge Cake: Two cups sifted cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder; ½ teaspoon salt; ½ cup butter; 1 cup sugar; 2 squares unsweetened chocolate melted; 1 egg, well beaten; 1 teaspoon vanilla; ¾ cup milk. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add chocolate and blend, then add egg and vanilla. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased pans 8"x8"x2" in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) 1 hour. Cover cake with Fudge Frosting.

Quick Prune Whip: 1 cup drained prune pulp, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons powdered sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, grains salt. Heat egg-whites and sugar over hot water in top of double boiler, remove from fire and beat very stiff. Fold in lemon juice and prune pulp. Pile lightly into 4 glasses, top with whipped cream and serve immediately.

Baked Prune Whip: 2 cups drained mashed prune pulp, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar, 4 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons confectioners' sugar, 4 tablespoons fine dry sweet cracker crumbs. Combine pulp with lemon juice and 2 tablespoons sugar. Beat whites stiff, beat in sugar, then beat in crumbs. Combine mixtures. Place in buttered casserole or individuals and bake 25 minutes at 350 degrees F. Serve with chilled sweetened whipped cream or light custard sauce.

Prune Bran Muffins: 2 cups cake flour, 1 cup bran, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped cooked prunes. Proceed as for usual muffins. Have prunes slightly dredged with flour. Add prunes to batter just before folding in whipped whites. Bake 30 minutes in hot buttered iron gem pans. Makes 24 muffins.

Lunch Box Prune Bread: ½ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 1¼ cups white flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1¼ cups graham or dark wheat flour, ¾ cup chopped cooked prunes. Cream sugar and shortening. Mix and sift flours, baking powder and salt, and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add prunes. Pour into greased loaf pan. Let rise 20 minutes. Bake in moderate oven.

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"the skin you love to touch"

LOVELY LADY CECIL DOUGLAS
Noted English Beauty... who took part in London Test

Under the supervision of eminent dermatologists of nine nations, hundreds of the most notable and charming women of Europe and America took part in the International Half-face Tests which proved Woodbury's superiority over other beauty aids, in bringing new freshness and glamour to the skin.

TODAY, Woodbury's Facial Soap invites millions of new users... with its new and generous size 10c cake.

Woodbury's has created this marvelous new value...so that every member of your household may now feel free to use Woodbury's unstintedly...for every skin need.

The 10c Woodbury's brings you the very same quality you heretofore bought at a quarter. The same scientific beauty formula of a famous skin specialist. The identical soap that demonstrated its superiority over other leading soaps and beauty aids in the famous International Half-face Tests.

Whereas other beauty products in the tests effected no noticeable improvement, Woodbury's brought new radiant freshness to the skin within thirty days' time.

For years, Woodbury's has wanted to extend its scientific skin care at a lesser price, so that millions more could enjoy it. But we waited until we could give you the Woodbury beauty treatment in this 10c size without any compromise in quality.

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FACIAL SOAP

Woodbury's FACIAL SOAP 10 cents

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Tasty Tested Soup Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Lamb Soup.

WITH a clean damp cloth wipe forequarter of lamb. Discard skin and fat and cut lean meat into small pieces. Put in soup kettle with bones and about 3 or 4 quarts of cold water. Cover and bring to boiling point. Reduce heat and simmer gently about 4 hours. During the last hour of cooking add 1 sliced onion, a few peppercorns and ½ tablespoon salt. Strain, chill and remove fat. Heat to boiling point and to each quart of stock add ⅓ cup cooked string beans, cut diagonally across the beans, ½ cup steamed rice and ¼ teaspoon celery salt. Reserve lamb for lamb pie, croquettes, etc.

Lentil and Tomato Soup.

PICK over and wash 1 pint of dried lentils or beans. Soak overnight in cold water. Wash, drain, and simmer in 1½ quarts water, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. When lentils are about half tender, cook 1 minced onion and 3 or 4 sliced stalks of celery in 3 tablespoons butter or drippings until soft. Add to soup. Continue simmering until all are tender. Press through sieve or potato ricer. Reheat. Add ½ cup strained tomato pulp or 1 cup thin cream if desired. Serve immediately with hot croutons.

Chicken Gumbo.

COOK 1 sliced onion and ½ finely chopped sweet green pepper in 4 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1 quart chicken stock, ½ can or 1 cup sliced okra, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 2 teaspoons salt and bring to boiling point. Cover and simmer gently about 45 minutes.

Veal Soup Stock (By Request).

WIPE 4 or 5 pounds knuckle of veal with a clean damp cloth. Remove meat from bone and cut in small pieces. Put meat, bone, 2 quarts cold water, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon peppercorns, 1 onion, 1 stalk of celery and a blade of mace in soup kettle. Heat slowly to boiling point, skimming frequently. Cover, simmer 5 hours, and strain. If desired, strain through double thickness of cheesecloth.

Busy Day Soup.

PUT 2 pounds ground round steak and 1 finely chopped onion in soup kettle and stir frequently until lightly browned. Add 1 quart tomato juice, 2 quarts water, 1 diced stalk of celery, 2 or 3 diced carrots, 1 cup fresh or canned corn, ½ cup sliced tender okra, 1 or 2 cups canned or fresh lima beans and 1 cup noodles that have been brought to boiling point in salted water and then drained. Season with a little pepper and 1 tablespoon salt. Cover and simmer gently until vegetables and meat are very tender. More hot water may be added. Serve hot with corn bread sticks.

Mulligatawny Soup.

COOK ⅓ cup minced carrots, ¼ cup diced onion, ¼ cup sliced celery, 1 finely chopped green pepper, 1 sliced apple and 1 cup diced raw chicken in ¼ cup butter until delicately browned. Add ⅓ cup flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder (if you like it), a blade of mace, 2 cloves, a sprig of parsley, and salt and pepper to taste and stir until well blended. Add 1 cup strained tomato pulp and juice and 5 cups well seasoned white stock (water in which chicken or veal has been cooked and which has been skimmed and strained and seasoned to taste). Cover and simmer gently about an hour. Strain, reserving chicken, and press vegetables through sieve or ricer. Add the reserved chicken to the strained soup, season, if necessary, with salt, and serve with boiled rice.

Favorite Onion Soup.

COOK ¼ cup diced carrot, 1 cup sliced onion, 1 sliced stalk of celery and a sprig of parsley in ½ cup butter until soft. Add 1 tablespoon flour and blend well. Add 1½ quarts well seasoned white stock (chicken or veal) and simmer gently about ½ hour. Scald 1 cup cream and add very slowly to 1 slightly beaten egg yolk so that egg will not cook and curdle. Add to the soup and stir over heat for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Strain and serve with toasted croutons buttered lightly, and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

Chestnut Soup.

HAVE ready 1 quart of strained and skimmed chicken or veal stock (that is water in which chicken or veal or both have been cooked and which has been well seasoned). To the stock add 2 cups boiled and mashed chestnuts, 1 thin slice of onion and ¼ teaspoon celery salt. Simmer gently about 10 minutes. Press through sieve, add 2 cups scalded milk and thicken with ¼ cup butter blended with ¼ cup flour. Stir constantly until creamy. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve immediately.

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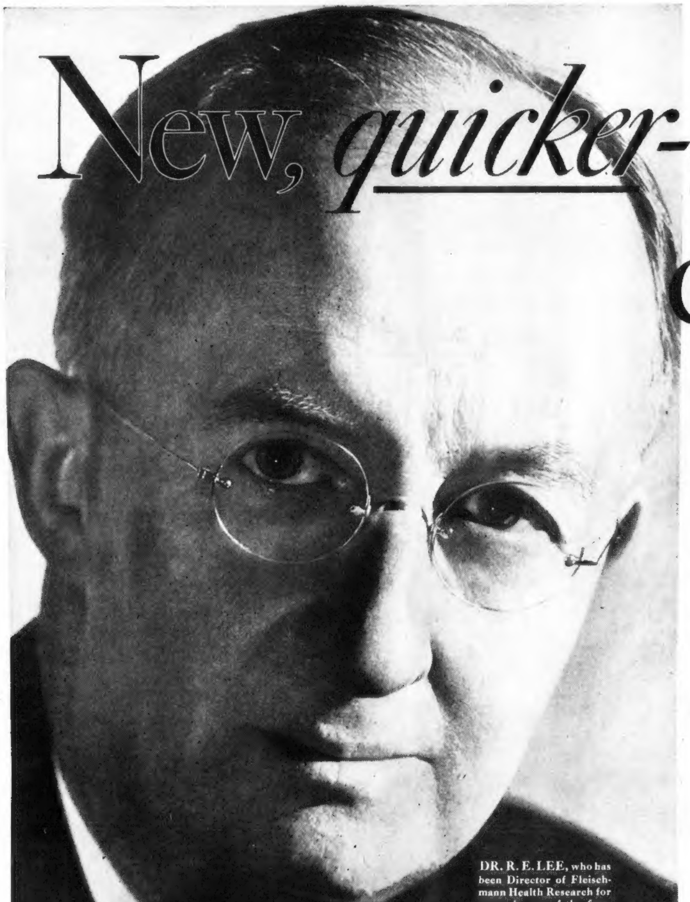
FOR THE HAIR AND SCALP

DR. R. E. LEE, Director of Fleischmann Health Research, now announces...



New, *quicker-acting* Yeast discovered!

DR. R. E. LEE, who has been Director of Fleischmann Health Research for years, is one of the foremost authorities on the subject of Yeast for Health.

—corrects Constipation, Indigestion, Bad Skin, Run-down Condition much faster than before! Amazingly rich in hormone-like substances*

NEW, STRONGER "STRAIN" of Yeast, discovered in great U. S. medical college, speeds flow of digestive juices, strengthens digestive muscles. (Newly-added Vitamin A combats colds!)

GOOD NEWS, for millions! If you've ever tried yeast—ever thought of it—read about this astonishing *new* yeast! Your questions are answered by Dr. Lee, below:—

1. Is it really a new Yeast?

Yes! An entirely new "strain" or variety. It acts more vigorously inside you . . . *faster!* It was discovered by a famous bacteriologist, in a leading American medical college. After years of research he isolated this new, stronger strain—grew it—was literally astounded by its action.

2. What did Tests show?

Almost unbelievable! Tests on hundreds of people by leading doctors all over the medical world gave truly unheard-of results. (*See below, left.*)

3. How does it Work?

Most constipation, indigestion, come from a *slowing up* of digestive juices and muscles.

* New "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators," as in the body's glands) which stimulate digestive secretions and muscles *as nothing else can!*

4. How does it correct Constipation and Indigestion sooner?

By making your digestive juices flow faster, and digestive muscles work harder—*from stomach on down!* Your food is better "churned"—softened—digested . . . you no longer have that "stuffed" feeling, heartburn, indigestion after meals. Also, wastes are more quickly carried through the body, disposed of.

Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast "normalizes" your digestive tract . . . really *corrects* constipation and indigestion! How different from cathartics!

5. Why does it clear up Skin Troubles (pimples, boils, etc.) faster?

Your skin, being an organ of elimination (just like the bowels and kidneys) "breaks out" when your system is overloaded with impurities.

By ridding you of these poisons quicker, "XR" Yeast clears your blood sooner. Your skin gains "tone." Pimples, boils and other eruptions disappear *in shorter time.*

6. Will "Run-down" feeling go?

Yes, if this condition is caused by self-poisoning. Many patients feel better in 24 *hours!* The time, in your case, will depend on your condition. But you should get more "good" from your food—have better appetite—much more "pep."

"XR" Yeast is particularly needed by people over 40, to combat the slowing of digestive secretions occurring most rapidly after that age . . . and so retard "old age."

7. Will it cure Rheumatism?

No—but in a large percentage of cases it helps! Rheumatism is often connected with an accumulation of digestive poisons—which "XR" Yeast corrects astonishingly.

8. Will Headaches cease?

Many headaches come from poisons in the blood or (as some doctors believe) pressure on the nerves—both troubles "XR" Yeast corrects quickly. Headaches often cease as a result.

9. Will it prevent Colds?

It helps!—by freeing your system of poisons and supplying Vitamin A, the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is rich in Vitamin A, as well as Vitamins B, D and G . . . *four* vitamins we need!

10. Why has it a creamier color?

That's the extremely important newly-added Vitamin A, which gives carrots and squash their natural color and much of their healthfulness.

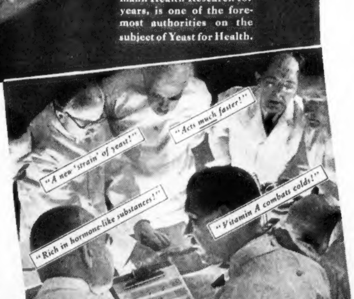
IMPORTANT!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast daily—plain or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. Eat "XR" Yeast regularly, until you feel *thoroughly* well. Get 9 cakes—enough for the first 3 days—and start now!

Tested on hundreds of "chronic cases" in 13 noted U.S. and 12 European clinics. READ THE RESULTS!

"ASTONISHING." "Never before such quick results from yeast." Famous doctors who tested this new yeast report:—"Constipation cases relieved *in a few days.*" "Amazing percentage of skin cases corrected." "Indigestion relieved *very* soon." "Patients in tests felt better almost immediately."

"XR" Yeast acts more quickly, surely, than former yeasts because it's rich in amazing hormone-like substances which make digestive juices flow fast and stimulate normal "motility" (digestive action).



"A new 'strain' of yeast!"
"Acts much faster!"
"Rich in hormone-like substances!"
"Vitamin A combats colds!"

NOW ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S
XR YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals

(As good as ever for baking, too!)

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Warm and Cheery as an open fire . . .

Carry a sturdy little Perfection Heater to that chilly corner. Light it and feel the quick heat that spreads cozy comfort in a widening circle. Just the thing for the bathroom, bed room or any place where extra warmth is needed. Firelight models, with fire-bowl of Pyrex brand glass give cheery light as well as heat. Others, all metal in a choice of finishes. Very moderate prices.

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THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Oysters Are a Delicacy Availableto All

THE origins of many popular foods are often left obscured in history. But it is not too far-fetched to imagine, says the Director of Applecroft Experiment Station, that oysters were included on the menu of the Piltdown or Neanderthal Man—and that he first may have become acquainted with this succulent bivalve by having his fingers caught between its shells, and that on sucking them to ease his pain, he tasted its juices and found the flavor delectable.

Ancient civilizations, especially the Romans, had the highest regard for the oyster and featured it at their feasts, often sending special ships to Britain and to the shores of Gaul (modern France) to obtain these esteemed tidbits of the sea. In more recent times, the New England Colonists found oysters in plenty on the sea flats around the first settlements, and it was recorded that "in 1770 the inhabitants of Boston had taken such increased quantities (of oysters) for consumption that it became necessary to take measures to prevent their entire destruction."

Originally enjoyed almost solely because of its individual and delicate flavor, the oyster is now a leading food both because of our greater knowledge of its high nutritive values, and also because at the present time, in view of the increasing cost of meat products, oysters are one of the best choices in the family marketing list.

As every housewife knows, oysters are considered a protein, or meat-equivalent food. Approximately 40 per cent of oyster protein is water soluble, which means that its muscle or tissue is very delicate. But this protein is of a special quality—called by science "glycoprotein," which contains forms of carbohydrate and sulphur.

Without becoming too scientific, we may say that this carbohydrate or starchy protein resembles the starch in plants, that is, it is very digestible and quick to be assimilated. In higher animals, such as man, this same kind of potential energy starch is stored in the liver.

What does this mean in practice to the home planner of menus? It means that oysters are choice morsels of very easily digested meat (or protein) and that they have a high energy value. Further, they are highly mineralized, as are most marine foods, owing to their ability to extract salts from sea water. In particular, science finds the oyster a compact reservoir of valuable iodine, indeed so powerful a concentration of iodine is found in the oyster that it ranks about fourth of all food substances containing it.

Again, in these days when slenderizing is so popular, it will interest those on a reducing type of diet to learn that oysters are one of the safest items on such a dietary. Oysters offer easily digested high protein with much minerals thrown in for good measure, making this popular bivalve an ideal non-fattening food.

It was an old saying generations ago in Wales (where all forms of seafood are plentiful), that "pale young women would improve if fed on oysters." Anemia, and similar nutritional disturbances, the regulation of the thyroid gland, etc., are all aided by a generous inclusion of oysters, especially for the adolescent or delicate adult.

But notwithstanding its extremely nutritive food values, the oyster will be chosen also for its delicate texture and its faint but distinctive flavor. We eat because we enjoy our food, and because it creates appetite appeal. Men perhaps, more than women, have always appreciated this seafood, and quite naturally, have also been its best cooks!

However oysters are purchased, and that means in the shell, opened and packed in cartoons, or marketed on trays of cracked ice, the texture and the fibre of the oyster muscle must be the basis of its cooking. Since this muscle is so delicate it cannot be overcooked, nor cooked at too high a heat, nor brought to the boil—or treated as usual meat and other fibrous foods are prepared. Of course, to the epicure oysters served au naturel—or on the shell, with its own juice, is the ideal fashion of eating. But if it is to be cooked, then let it be done quickly!

Many oyster recipes are based on the stew form of dish—in every case the main ingredients such as the milk, must be heated first, and completely prepared before the oyster meats themselves are added. Indeed, one may and must add oyster meats only after the main cooking is finished. Otherwise the flesh will become as rubbery as an old eraser, and all the flavor lost.

Other recipes are based on another quick cooking method—that of broiling or grilling. Again, a very quick treatment with heat—just long enough, as the saying goes to "make the edges curl," is a perfect cooking method. That is, heat by whatever method should be applied only long enough to make the delicate oute "gills" and the soft ruffle-lik "mantle" shrivel slightly — n more. What we think of as oyster is largely its soft sac c stomach body. All its fibres an muscles are far more delicat and affected by heat than an other animal protein, not except ing the white of egg.

Oyster food and flavor can b included through every cours from canape, cocktail, soup, entree, salad—stopping only a dessert. Many of the most delicious oyster dishes are suitabl as the main family dish, and ar often modifications or simplifications of what were originall elaborate entree dishes on th menu of the hotel or specialtie of the cook and chef.

Sectional dishes featuring oysters are found in plenty and should become more familiar to the housewife. Maryland stew, Oysters a la Hibbs, Oysters Long Branch, Oysters Oscar, etc., should not be overlooked on the family table.

Besides purchasing often of the fresh oyster, newer forms of canned oyster specialties should also be included on the pantry shelf: When time is limited, or only a single portion or so desired, use the delicious oyster stew and soup now prepared in canned style. There is also both an essence and a puree of oyster, delicious for broths, and as flavoring to many au gratin and similar entree dishes.

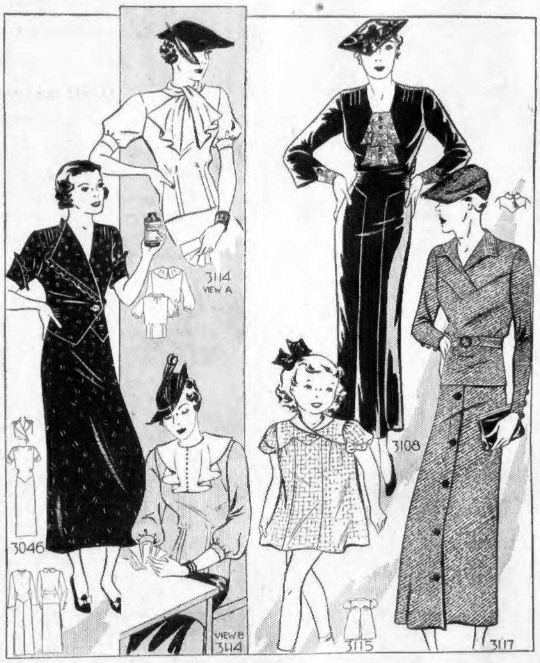
Remember, however, that it is the fresh liquid or their own liquor which holds the flavor—and buy and cook so that the oyster and its liquor both are utilized for health, economy and epicurean delights.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Scrambled Eggs, Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Hot Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toast or Toasted Muffins, Bacon, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, French Toast, Maple Syrup, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Hot Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Hot Cereal, Codfish Cakes, Emergency Drop Biscuits, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Hot Cereal, Savory Omelet, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Mixed Vegetable Salad, Lemon Mayonnaise, Prune and Nut Muffins, Apple Sauce, Cocoa.	*Luncheon* Stuffed Baked Potatoes, Cheese, Pea and Lettuce Salad, Drop Biscuits, Fruit, Honey Doughnuts, Tea.	*Luncheon* Cream of Vegetable Soup, Corn Sticks, Toasted Cheese Sandwiches, Fruit.	*Luncheon* Boston Baked Beans, Brown Bread with Raisins, Jellied Fruit Salad, Russian Tea.	*Luncheon* Swedish Cabbage, Noodle and Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Rolls, Prune Trifle, Hermits.	*Luncheon* Delmonico Potatoes or Spaghetti a la Virginia, Corn Oysters, Mashed Yellow Turnips, Stewed Dried Fruit, Molasses or Honey Cookies.	*Dinner* Favorite Soup, Smothered Chicken (Baltimore Style), Paprika Baking Powder Biscuits, Corn Fritters, Tomato Jelly and Raw Spinach Salad, Lemon Dressing, Apple Pie with Cheese Pastry Crust.
Dinner Favorite Soup, Veal Cutlets in Casserole, Creamed Potatoes or Macaroni, Eggplant, Relish, Watercress Salad, French Dressing, Orange Bread Crumb Pie.	*Dinner* Stuffed Beef Heart, Brown Gravy, Steamed Turnip Greens, Glazed Sweet Potatoes, Shredded Cabbage and Raisin Salad, Tapioca Cream.	*Dinner* Hamburg Steak with Brown or Tomato Sauce, Potato Cakes, Creamed Cauliflower or Spinach, Favorite Relish, New England Apple Pie.	*Dinner* Fruit Cup, Pork Roast with Cream Gravy, Apples Baked with Sweet Potatoes, Steamed Rice, Steamed Spinach, Queen of Puddings.	*Dinner* Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Boiled Salmon or Salmon Loaf with Creamed Peas, Mashed Potatoes, Apple and Celery Salad, Gingerbread Waffles with Whipped Cream.	*Dinner* Liver and Bacon, Creamed Potatoes, Shredded Raw Vegetable Salad, Lemon Dressing, Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice.	*Supper* Date, Orange and Lettuce Salad, Peanut Butter Sandwiches, Cup Cakes, Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3046—A SLENDERIZING HOUSE FROCK WITH SMART WAISTCOAT LINES AND A FRILLED REVER. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3114—A BLOUSE WITH TWO CHIC COLLARS IS AS GOOD AS TWO CHIC BLOUSES. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 36, view A, requires 2¼ yards 39-inch fabric; view B, 1⅞ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3108—THIS FROCK WITH A PANELLED SKIRT MAKES A WOMAN LOOK BOTH SLIM AND SMART. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric and ⅝ yard lace.

Pattern 3115—A NEAT LITTLE, SWEET LITTLE FROCK WITH A POINT IN THE YOKE AND A CUNNING COLLAR. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 6 requires 1½ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3117—A TWO-PIECE FROCK WITH A SKIRT BUTTONED DOWN THE FRONT. PERFECT FOR SHEER WOOL. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch fabric.

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Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

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BARE?

ROYLACE DOUBL-EDGE, the new, non-curling shelving, will keep it in apple-pie order for many months . . . cost—5c.

Don't think of paper when you think of shelving. Think of *Roylace Doubl-edge*, the entirely different kind of protection and decoration for every shelf in the house.

Ordinary kind

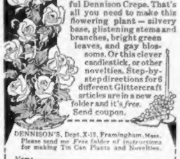
Doubl-edge

Roylace Doubl-edge *is* made of paper; but it looks, feels, wears like cloth. Tests prove it four times as strong as ordinary shelf paper. The patented, embossed double edge is exclusive . . . yet 9 feet cost only 5c at the Five-and-Ten, department, or your neighborhood store. (There are also 10c-size packages.)

Pick out one of the many new smart patterns (of which two are here illustrated). Take the edge between your fingers, see how crisp and firm it feels! Yes, it will stay that way as long as it lasts. Steam and dampness can't curl it. Use it on shoe and hat-box shelves, in linen, kitchen and dish cupboards. Save time changing . . . it will last until next housecleaning! Bare shelves should be by-gones in a modern home. Learn to say . . . "Roylace Doubl-edge." The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Roylace DOUBL-EDGE SHELF PAPER

"MAKE THIS FLOWERING" TIN CAN PLANT



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World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting

Eagle Brand
MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never* too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls! ● *But remember* . . . *Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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THE MOST AMAZING SHORT-CUTS IN COOKING YOU EVER HEARD OF

Free! World's most amazing Cook Book!

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New EVEREDY *Skillet*

Bright as a mirror!

NEVER NEEDS SCOURING

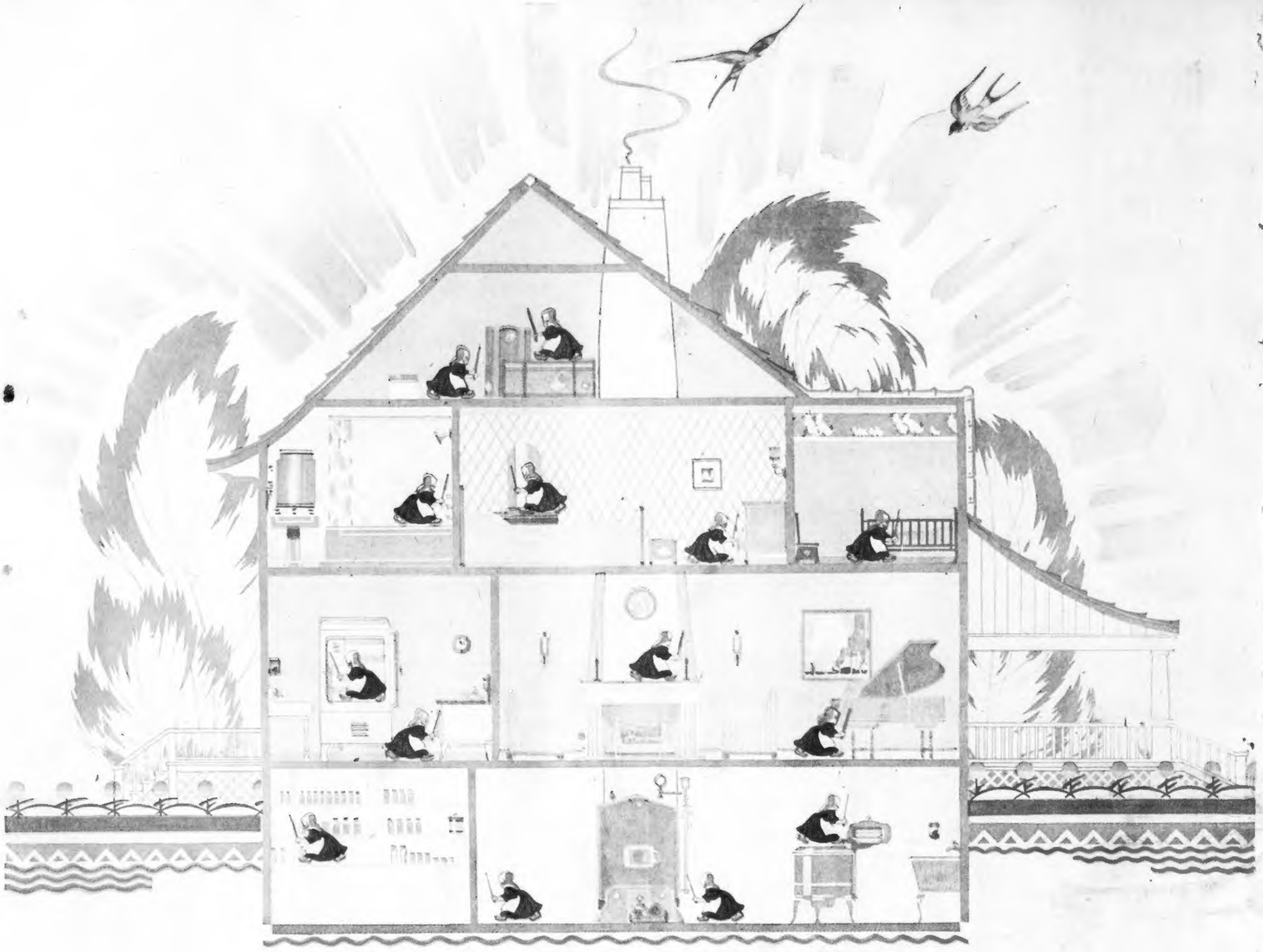
Finished in beautiful, mirror-like Chromium . . . browns foods perfectly . . . washes clean like glass or china

AT LAST! The perfect frying pan! Built for lifetime service of special heavy steel that will not warp, break, scale or chip in ordinary use. Built with a protective coating of hard, smooth, polished Chromium that gives it the perfect surface for perfect frying. Chromium is one of the hardest of metals. It is not affected by food acids or cooking heat. It does not affect the flavor, quality or purity of foods in any way.

Moreover, an Everedy Chromium Skillet never needs scouring. A moment's washing with soap and water makes it so bright and shiny that (as the above photograph shows) you can actually use it for a mirror. And the big, cool, ebonized handle is anchored so it can't twist or turn. See these wonderful new Everedy Skillets now—in four handy sizes—at your favorite houseware, hardware or department store.

EVEREDY *Chromium* PLATED STEEL SKILLETS

THE EVEREDY CO. FREDERICK, MD.

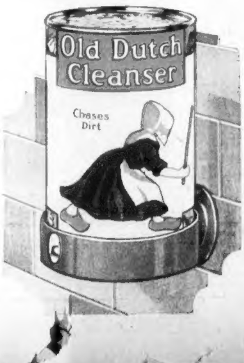


From cellar stairs to attic wall
Let Old Dutch clean your home this Fall;
Saves time and money, gets things bright
Because it's made with SEISMOTITE

You're in step with modern cleaning methods when you use Old Dutch, the *one* cleanser that is made with pure seismotite. Old Dutch is especially helpful at housecleaning time because it polishes as it cleans porcelain, enamel and tile — is equally effective for everything from stair treads, painted walls and woodwork to kitchen utensils and glassware, and because it does *more cleaning per penny of cost.*

It's seismotite (pronounced sīs'-mo-tīte) that makes Old Dutch unique. This fine cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin is composed of flaky, flat-shaped particles ▨ that cover more surface, go further and cost less to use. Old Dutch cleans quicker and doesn't scratch because it contains none of the wasteful, destructive grit ▨ found in ordinary cleansers.

Try Old Dutch and let it prove to you that it has no equal for quality and economy. It's kind to the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors . . . the only cleanser you need in your home.



Doesn't Scratch

Old Dutch Holders, in Color

Mail 10c and windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each holder

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Please find enclosed .... cents and .... labels for which send me .... Old Dutch Holders. Colors: IVORY ☐ GREEN ☐ BLUE ☐

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